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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

BY

M. J. THAYERS.



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DEDICATION.



This book is tenderly dedicated to the joint memory of my late beloved husband, James Thayers, and my dear departed father, George Shaw.

My husband, I can ne'er forget
Thy good and kindly ways,
How thou hast strove to smooth my path,
Through all our wedded days.

I'll love thee while this heart can love—
Till every cord is riven,
Then recommence and love thee through
The endless life of heaven.

Thy gentle kiss, thy tender look,
Have oft soothed sorrow's hour ;
Thy loving words have been to me
Like fragrance from a flower.

Thy constant kindness, James, has been
Like a clear, steady light—
Not now a flicker, then a blaze,
But ever calm and bright.

* * * * *

My father, when I visits pay
Yon grave in fair Mount P——,
I'm not unmindful of thine own
Away across the sea.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

I watch its visitors bring flowers,
I know which flower each gave,
I see the glistening love-drops roll
And fall upon thy grave.

My father, looking back upon
My child and girlhood's days,
I see no sullen clouds break through
The light of home's bright rays.

Therefore with tender, grateful hands,
I bring my buds and blooms,
And lay them very gently down
Between two sacred tombs.

Toronto, 1894.

M. J. T.



IN MEMORIAM.

J. T.

FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, AUG. 27, 1893.



Can I not talk with thee, my own beloved ?

It cannot be that thou art far removed,—

We two were ever one.

Each joy and sorrow we together bore,

Now thou hast done with grief for evermore,

Hence, half of mine is gone.

No more thou'lt know one touch of keen heart-pain ;

Nothing but perfect peace and happiness remain :

Oh ! I am glad for thee !

Yet oft for thee my heart full loud doth sigh,

'Tis then thou hear'st its secret yearning cry,

And hastens down to me.

Not severed—no. O treasure of my heart,

Thou could'st not rest if I had not a part

Of all the bliss now thine.

Such love as ours was never born to die :

'Tis only beautified and more refined on high,

My husband, ever mine.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Yon bit of sacred ground, tended by me,
The hours that pass without thy company,
 All whisper of my loss.
Amidst it all thy blessed Home seems near,
For by unfailing sight I see most clear,
 A pathway cut across.

Our joys on earth outnumbered sorrows far,
Ray after ray came forth from love's clear star,
 And when death strove to sever,
His dark and mockful frown this light withstood,
And through the thick black pall of widowhood,
 'Twill gleam and glisten ever.



PREFACE.



In offering my song-sprays to the public just as I have plucked and bunched them, I would here say that within these covers are no pieces reprinted from my former little book of poems excepting two, "Sons of the Sea-Girt Isle," and "The Spanish Gipsy Girl," and these reappear by request.

M. J. T.

Toronto, 1894.



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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.



TWELVE MONTHS AGO TO-DAY.*

'VE got these letters out once more,
Though I know all they say,
About the day, the date, the hour,
My father slept away.
'Twas Friday, sixteenth day of March,
Soon after noon's bright ray
Had goldened all the Heavenly arch,
Twelve months ago to-day.

I see just where they've made his grave,
And where his dear head lies :
Three thousand miles aside I waive,
And stand 'neath England's skies.
I'm looking through the railings now,
On father's sacred mound ;
'Tis visited, for footprints show
Around the upraised ground.

* My father retired to rest one Wednesday night in his usual health, and continued in calm, wakeless slumber until the following Friday, at half-past one, p.m., in which sleep he then passed away.

M. J. T.

I'll put these letters back again ;
I'll hear them when away,
Whispering how father lost all pain
Twelve months ago to-day.
I wonder why these tears will roll,
And why this heart must sigh,
To grief of mind, of heart and soul,
Father has said good-bye.

One year ago his crown was given ;
Yes, just one year to-day
Since he awoke, woke up in heaven,
By hearing harpers play.
It may be they are tuning o'er
The glad reception lay
He heard on Eden's stormless shore,
Twelve months ago to-day.

I wonder, if I sit and list,
Some notes may float along,
With well-known voices blending 'midst
The sweet triumphant song,
Or I may, in some mystic way,
Draw Earth's thick veil aside,
And talk with father of that day
He joined the glorified.

His voice I do remember well :
'Twas kind, yet firm and clear—
I never knew it when it fell
Unwelcome on my ear.

'Twas tinged with melody's own touch,
Which beautified his love ;
'Twill not have altered very much,
As Goodness rules above.

Twelve months in heaven, without one fear—
No doubt, no mystery :
I try to think what this first year
In heaven has been to thee.
I've wondered, father, oft if they
Who came to escort thee,
Went out their course a little way
To let thee look on me.

My English home I was not near
When thou didst calmly die ;
'Twas William's pen revealed it clear
'Mong letters just laid by.
The more those letters meet my sight,
The more they do refine ;
My heart gains culture from the light
That gleams in every line.

Through them, I stand beside thy bed
And watch thee in thy sleep,
And lean my cheek against thy head
And with the others weep ;
And visit often for awhile
Thy peaceful burial place,
Remembering the tranquil smile
That settled on thy face.

Your children all both think and say,
 “He showed us how to live,”
And ’round your memory to-day
 Our grateful thanks we give.
We feel quite sure of reaching you,
 Near the White Throne of God,
If we but keep in full review
 The path you taught and trod.

Sometimes I’ve thought ’twas wrong to wear
 This crape ’round wrists and neck,
And you, so far beyond all care,
 Might feel inclined to check.
But, father, think: for one whole year
 You’ve seemed so far away—
That’s why we’ve worn, and still do wear,
 No shade but black to-day.

I’ve fancied, father—was it true—
 When Arthur came your way
That, with his escort, one was you
 That late October day.
I bent above his sinking head,
 And whispered in his ear,
He’d soon be with his loved ones fled
 And see the Saviour dear.

He gazed at me so earnestly,
 Then, smiling, glanced above;
To me that eloquent reply
 Said, “Some are near you, love.”

I'm not at all perplexed because
You knew him not down here :
I rest alone on Friendship's laws—
That bond could draw you near.

Sometimes I fancy he and you,
Through Heaven's fair gardens walk ;
He leaving friends he loved most true
To with my kindred talk.
This group I see, and it I call
My happy band of seven.
Your once frail son looks strong and tall—
Full of the health of Heaven.

Dear Tom walks by you on your right,
Arthur the other side,
Both looking so supremely bright,
And you well satisfied.
Four children follow, two and two ;
Each are a radiant pair
(Though two of them I never knew
Until I saw them there).

Alfie—I knew him at first glance—
And little Sarah, too.
They skipped along in kind of dance,
Like happy children do.
Robbie and Martha's beauteous bloom
I wish I could declare :
I know when mother reaches home
She'll find them wondrous fair.

Methinks they're in Heaven's fairest bowers,
This blessed, bright birthday,
Where Sarah's culling Martha flowers
To make a joint bouquet.
My father, will you now relate
What your blest five did say,
When they met you at Heaven's Gate
Twelve months ago to-day?

I used to like to hear you tell,
In my young girlhood's days,
Of some you loved and honored well
For their unselfish ways.
Doubtless those friends of yours, who died
Long ere your hair turned gray,
Are foremost 'mongst the glorified
To celebrate this day.

O father! if I could but dream,
Or know in any way,
That I had caught the faintest gleam
How Christ will smile to-day,
I would not drop another tear,
Or breathe another sigh,
That I could not bend o'er your bier
And bid a sad good-bye.

* * * * *

I'd like to send your far-off tomb
A garland or a spray
Of pure white lilies in full bloom
This anniversary day.

To lay a bud I am denied,
Or e'en a sprig of green ;
But, in the future, I may glide
Where your dear form has been—

Come, laden with the choicest bloom
From out immortal bowers,
And build above your vacant tomb
A pyramid of flowers,
'Mid which I will contrive to tell,
In some attractive way,
What loss of worth on earth there fell
Twelve months ago to-day.



THE WINNIPEG BOY;

OR,

A CALL TO THE BARDS.

THERE'S a call from Parnassus, "Canadian bards,
Arise! grasp the pencil and scroll.
A song's in demand, full of pathos and power,
And ringing with grandeur of soul.

There are heroes awaiting the minstrel's skill;
Their garlands with glory must shine;
Your scrolls must be pure as unsullied snow,
Ye singers of lineage divine.

There are deeds to be carefully woven in song,
By eyes yet unborn to be read:
Then arise, Canadian bards, and begin
To sing of the living and dead!

What singer will start with the Winnipeg boy,
Whose courage has travelled afar;
Whose name* will mingle with heroes who now
Gleam forth on the column of war.

Ammunition he bore our conquering troops,
'Mid the fire, the smoke and the fray,
Crying "Cartridges, boys!—who's for cartridges, boys?"
With calmness that heroes display.

* Willie Buchanan.

The hotter the conflict, the louder his cry,
Hence the call for a spirited lay.
Oh! if I could sing as this singer should sing,
Willie's crown would be woven to-day.

Brave bugle-boy, Willie! Come, take him in hand;
The work he may give will well pay.
The gods of Parnassus will smile upon you,
If you give his fine courage fair play.

Some poet attend, ere a rhymers appears
To sully your noble employ;
Go summon your Muse and bring forth your lyre,
And sing of the Winnipeg boy.

And, poet, remember he went with that band—
The Ninetieth, of gallant renown;
Then bring for him leaves of beauteous green,
And gracefully twine him a crown.

Be careful, dear singer, for some of our boys
Who so nobly fell in the West,
May be watching you weave the bugle-boy's wreath
From the sorrowless realms of the blest.

The Winnipeg youth may have nerved them on,
And cheered them in victory's way;
And they, in remembrance, from gardens of bliss
May drop a memorial spray.

He merits a garland of witherless leaves,
Interwoven with deathless flowers.
O Child of the Muses, look up and receive
What may fall from immortal bowers.

Begin with the song, some annointed bard;
 You've a grand and glorious theme.
 While I'm pleading with you I'm catching a glimpse
 How his garland of beauty should gleam.

Then, O singer, commence the appointed lay,
 Sing loud of the deeds of our brave;
 Sing sweetly of Willie—sing soothingly low
 When you come to a soldier's grave.

IN THE GREENHOUSE.

(DEC. 30th, 1886.)

LITTLE greenhouse, 'tis not often
 That I enter feeling fear,
 But 'tis whispered, fragrant bower,
 That a cottage should stand here.

We would gain in cents and dollars
 Just by bidding thee good-bye,
 But the blessings thou affordest
 Cents and dollars cannot buy.

* * * * *

Little greenhouse, husband tells me,
 Should a dwelling here be built,
 Thou shalt be at back or midst it;
 To discard thee would be guilt.

And he says he has decided
Not at once to take thee down,
Lest the goddess of the flowers
Should look on us with a frown.

Then I'll rest me quite contented,
So thou standest anywhere,
Flowers, doves and bright canaries,
You shall have my willing care.

Little greenhouse, I've been thinking,
Where some of thy sweets have gone,
And it comforts to remember
That I took a cent from none.

With the heliotrope and roses,
And with kindred blossoms fair;
I have tried to be unselfish,
Yet have given them with care.

Pretty blossoms—you departed—
What about your record now?
You on silent breasts reposing,
You still wreathing some cold brow.

Seems to me your mission was to
Bleeding hearts and households riven,
More to mourners than the mourned for,
Though to grave and casket given.

You, ye beauties, who lived out your
Lovely lives in some sick room,
I must wait to read your record
In the life beyond the tomb.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Little greenhouse, I've been faithful
To thy lovely children here,
Blessed them when they smiled their sweetest,
When they drooped I came to cheer.

TO MY BOUQUET.

This year is dying—cannot live
Beyond some twenty-four hours—
I've come to cull most tenderly
Her last sweet, missionary flowers.

How shall I get you there, sweet things,
Just as you now appear,
You must be in yon sick girl's room
Ere ends the closing year.

Poor little rose, but just awake,
The frost is so severe,
The winds are keen; how shall I get
You in your beauty there?

Fair sprigs of green and creamy white,
And buds of lovely hue,
And leaves of choice and varied shade,
The cold will wither you.

The weather-glass is saying now
Fifteen below zero.
My crimson, scarlet, pale pink gems,
How shall we dare to go?

Oh, faithless me! do I forget
The hand that made you fair?
We'll venture forth confiding in
Your Maker's wondrous care.

We'll go, sweet friends, believing that
You'll reach dear Annie's room,
Bearing in full the message which
Lies hidden 'mid your bloom.

I'm thinking she may never have
Another bunch of flowers,
Until some loving fingers cull
Her one from Eden's bowers.

Then we'll away lest she should lose
Your solace for some hours,
And you'll be nearer heaven there
Than here, my pretty flowers.



A COTTAGE ROOM.

OFTEN I pass by a cottage
That seems veiled in mellow gloom;
'Mong its small and neat apartments
Is a memorable room.
In that room, one summer evening,
Friends and neighbors gathered near—
Near a little rosewood casket,
Resting on a snow-white bier.
Larger caskets had been resting
In that little room before;
Two containing silent beauty
Had been carried through its door:
One a maiden, with dark tresses,
Clustering round her queenly brow;
One a boy of five bright summers,
With soft locks of sunny glow.
Here the two had greeted seraphs,
Here had lain in solemn grace;
Now the third and smaller casket
Rested in the selfsame place.
And the little dark-eyed sleeper
Finished here his two-year race;
Here he slept in deepest slumber,
With heaven's peace upon his face.
And there seemed to come sweet whispers
From his slightly-open lips,
And such tender, soothing touches
From his pretty finger-tips;

And some fancied angel presence
Had not left the little room,
For a soft, consoling something
Scattered all the funeral gloom.

From the kindly, white-haired pastor,
With the Bible on his knee,
To each member of that household
Came the same tranquility.
No sad sobbing—no bewailing
When the farewell kiss was given;
All seemed thinking of the meeting
That had taken place in heaven.

E'en the flowers on the table
Seemed to borrow heavenly bloom
And the fragrance of a country
Without graveyard, bier or tomb.
Friends took up the lovely clusters,
With their loops of silken white,
Laid them on the little sleeper
Till his robe was hid from sight.

Save the brown hair on his forehead,
And his collar of soft lace,
Naught was seen of the darling
But his little, tranquil face.
There he lay, sweet, peaceful restor,
'Neath his coverlet of flowers,
Looking like a floral mantle
Sent him from celestial bowers.

Someone whispered: "Happy sleeper!
Highly favored little boy!
Two years here 'mid naught but kindness,
Now 'mid endless love and joy."
Then they gently closed the casket,
And 'tis now in care divine,
Where 'twill rest by kindred sleepers
Till the morn of mornings shine.

Never pass I by that cottage,
Seemly clad in sacred gloom,
But I wonder, do fair angels
Visit still its western room?
Certainly, calm resignation
In its inmates I can trace;
So perchance those sweet consolors
Have a liking for the place.



WHERE HAS THY MUSIC FLED?

(TO MY DEAD CANARY.)

PROFOUNDLY still, my little friend,
I'm wondering, o'er and o'er,
Where has thy music floated to—
On what unheard of shore?

I did not think, an hour ago,
This room could feel so drear,
With oleanders crowned with bloom
And lilies smiling near.

I cannot measure or express
The beauty of thy song;
And must thy gladsome, joyous notes,
But to the past belong?

We tend with care green flower-clad mounds,
Where sacred forms low lie—
They will awaken, but, 'tis said,
Birds only live to die.

Softly I stroke, and feel so loth
To hide, thy plumage bright
Within a grave from whence there gleams
No resurrection light.

Yet over thee no sighing leaf
From cypress tree shall wave—
This bit of silent beauty shall
Not have a darksome grave.

Beneath a bed of fairest green
Shall rest this pretty head ;
These lovely white-tipped wings shall have
A fragrant burial bed.

If not a sparrow falleth low
Without Heaven's watchful love,
Perchance thou singest now uncaged
Near blissful bowers above.

Can I be wrong in fancying that
Thy silvery voice floats on,
Joining the melody of Heaven,
My pretty, silent one ?

I'm just as certain as I know
These little feet once trod—
Like all true singers, birdie, thou
Brought'st thy bright gift from God.

Then, little minstrel, where O where
Has all thy music fled !
Are there no singing birds where our
Sweet angel-children tread ?

No sound of lovely songsters where
Our household darlings go !
(I would not listen to my Muse
If she should whisper "No").

Our angel children—Oh, birdie !
Like thee, those treasures fled,
And we, while bending o'er some drawer,
Have often, weeping, said :

Could we but only gather up
Their scattered toys once more,
We never would complain again
Of litter on the floor.

Oh, birdie! by those open drawers,
How oft we kneel and try
To solve that hard, perplexing word,
The short, mysterious "Why?"

How tenderly we touch and kiss
Some old disfigured toy,
And press it to our hearts as we
Oft pressed a darling boy.

On loop of ribbon, tiny glove,
On dainty frill of lace,
On little laid-up dresses, we
A cherished lifetime trace.

Yet, by those sacred drawers, we get
Glimpses of Fatherland—
The upper home called Heaven, birdie,
We better understand.

We see a world resembling ours—
The two are near akin—
We'd scarcely know the difference if
This one would banish sin.

CHATTERTON;

OR,

A WALK THROUGH A ROOM IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

'T WAS holiday time, and I rose with the sun,
For one day all duties and work would I shun..
The first place I sought was the home of a friend,
And we planned how that day of pleasure to spend ;
Our tastes and desires were nearly the same,
So we started in search of the Temple of Fame.
'Mong its rooms for heroes of every name
Was a chamber for bards to which Britain lays claim ;
We long had desired to enter in there,
And it seemed an answer had come to our prayer.
It appeared we were led by the light of some star
To the wide, massive doors now standing ajar,
And we read on a door in the entrance hall
From golden letters engraved in the wall :

All nations glory in their sons,
Their great, their bright, immortal ones,
Hence England proudly twined the bays,
And crowned her Shakespeare king of lays.

And the first thing we saw within the fair place
Was a figure of Poesy, a goddess of grace,
In her left hand she held the minstrel scroll,
In her right one a pen new names to enroll ;
She was standing with head turned a little aside,
Looking down on her sons with satisfied pride ;
To the sculptor it seemed a glimpse had been given

Of beauty that only belongeth to heaven,
 For she stood a fair image of faultless grace
 From the fall of her robe to the light in her face.
 The next sight that caught our wandering gaze
 Was Chaucer, the founder of English lays,
 And others who lived and sung in his age,
 Whose names stand in order on Poesy's fair page,
 Though justy their wreaths yet 'twas plainly seen
 No leaf had lost its original green.
 To the centre group then we hastened along
 Where Milton, the prince of princes in song,
 Sat by the side of our great poet king,
 Whose praises the world forever will sing.
 Avon, famed Avon, all lands homage pay
 At the feet of thy bard with the glossy green bay.
 There's Dryden and Pope of brilliant renown,
 And others whose names familiar have grown;
 Poor Goldsmith, you know, he from Ireland came,
 A place 'mong the best to fairly claim;
 How princely they look with their green-wreathed brows,
 And no other land owns nobler rows.
 See Burns, with his holly-wreath glossy with light—
 Brighter e'en now than 'twas on the night—
 When Coila bound her favorite's brow,
 It never looked sweeter or greener than now.

There Byron stands with a proud, princely air,
 (How sad that he tarnished talents so rare),
 Fair are those leaves round his wide open brow,
 A garland of beauty adorning him now.

And there is the good, the gifted young White,
Round his calm brow shines a halo of light,
In the path of true fame he carefully trod,
And rests in the light, the smile of his God.
That youth by his side so uncommonly fair,
With a soft dreamy eye and flowing light hair,
Is gentle John Keats, who early left earth,
E'en he had to die to prove his true worth;
They have twined fair flowers 'mong evergreen leaves,
And from his fair crown pure fragrance breathes.

Here's Cowper, who sang some tender, sweet strains,
The wreath on his brow its greenness retains,
Though years have fled since his garland was made,
Yet time has no power to dim or to fade.

There's one standing back away in the shade,
The leaves round his temples seems ready to fade;
'Tis Savage, poor Savage, all sighed o'er his wrongs,
What wonder he sent them abroad in his songs,
A sorrowful life that poor poet led,
Then lonely and sad slept the sleep of the dead.

Here's Wordsworth and Rogers, one gentle and kind,
The other possessing more polish of mind.
Leaves gracefully twisted most lovely and green,
Becometh those brows so calm and serene.

There's Coleridge and Campbell, Southey and Moore,
They seem to be thinking some favorite piece o'er.
Leaves of sweet beauty are gracing each brow,
Plucked from the tree that for bards alone grow.

Yon vacancy up in the foremost throng,
An English bard will fill it ere long.
His garland there rests on a cushion of down,
A radiant wreath is Tennyson's crown.

Those half-woven wreaths and those empty seats
Are for some now living in quiet retreats,
Bye and bye one and all will take his own place,
And those garlands then finished will sparkle with grace.
We could linger long here to see every one,
But we'll have to return for the day's nearly gone,
Those groups we are passing look happy and glad,
But yonder are some looking troubled and sad.

But Shelley we must not, we cannot pass by,
'Twould bring a sad shade into Poesy's glad eye,
She would fancy we never felt grateful or proud,
That he left us his "Skylark" and song of "The Cloud,"
They have crowned him with roses and laid at his feet
Fair clusters of myrtle and eglantine sweet.

Ah, look! at that one with silky dark hair
Shading a brow that is lined with care,
Yet 'tis a fair, a beautiful brow,
Though clouds of sorrow seem veiling it now.
His young head rests in his pale, thin hand,
Crushing the flowers that round his locks stand;

I think it is he, let us draw closer on,
Ah, yes, so I thought, it is poor Chatterton.
Sad, sad, is his tale, that great gifted boy,
Would live on a crust to give others joy,

Oft wanted for one so that he might prove
How deep and how pure for his mother his love.
How deeply all felt for the lone, friendless lad,
With his brain so full and his heart so sad,
Crushed was that heart when he last sought his room,
Pain, passion and pride fought hard for his doom,
But 'twas hunger that set the seal to his fate,
Wretched indeed was the young poet's state,
When his soul was sent by his own rash hand,
Uncalled for before his Maker to stand.

Softly all wept o'er the heart-rending tale,
That talents so bright, so brilliant should fail,
Friendless, forlorn, heart-crushed, without bread,
Though glorious thoughts had a home in his head.

It saddens to think that they gave him a grave
Without flower to bloom or willow to wave,
'Twas hard, yea cruel, to lay his young head
To sleep by the side of the unknown dead,
Far from his mother, when his written request
Had pleaded her hand might lay him to rest.

How gloomily dark was his earthly end,
No one was near, not a stranger or friend,
No one to wipe the last tear that did roll,
Or join the deep prayer that arose from his soul,
No one to catch the last sorrow-born sigh,
Or press the cold lids o'er each death-troubled eye,
No one to give a soft sorrowful kiss
On the beautiful lips that had sent others bliss.

A story more sad could never be read,
 Though chequered the lives most poets have led;
 'Twas hunger and sorrow, anguish and pain,
 His noble heart broke and turned his fine brain.
 How touchingly sad! scarce one ray of joy—
 Save loving his mother—life granted that boy,
 And gloomier still his story would be
 If our merciful Father like men should see.

* * * * *

Round his shrine Bristol stands with a tear in her eye
 That her wondrous bard so youthful should die,
 That her own cherished boy in the morning of life
 Battled so hard and fell in the strife,
 She forgiveth in full that his fanciful pen
 Had wandered astray about places and men.
 Keenly she feels that unkindness dart
 Entered and broke her boy's loving heart.
 What she chiefly remembers is her blue-coated lad
 Had struggled and suffered to make others glad,
 Hence she sought for his dust 'mongst the nameless
 dead,
 And brought it to rest where her tears could be shed.
 A proud monument she has reared to the name
 Of her wonderful boy and his deathless fame,
 And her tear-drops glisten on his flower-wreath now
 As they fell when she bound his beautiful brow.

FOUR SISTERS.

(SONGS)

SPRING.

HAIL! gladsome, lovely messenger
Of happiness and beauty,
To kiss the border of thy robe
Is a delightful duty;
The soothing echo of thy voice
Mild zephyrs bear along,
Soft as an angel's whisper and
Sweet as a seraph's song.

At thy approach the birds awake,
And in full chorus sing;
The brooklets share their happy mirth
At thy return, glad Spring.
The trees cast off their sombre dress,
And deck in fairest green;
The hills and vales adorn themselves
To greet life's youthful queen.

The skies re-robe in purest blue,
The laughing wavelets meet,
And sunbeams lay, with sweetest smiles,
A carpet for thy feet.
The violets and the daisies come,
And all the gentle flowers,
To weave a chaplet for thy brow,
And decorate thy bowers.

SUMMER.

WELCOME! happy, joyous Summer,
Goddess of all bright and fair,
With thy fragrant crown of roses:
Welcomes greet thee everywhere.
Bearer of glad, glorious mornings,
Radiant noons and blissful eves,
Sunset glories, nightfall whispers,
Restful shade of clustering trees.

Tenderly thou understandest
Why we ask and crave for bliss,
And thou whispereth: "Love supplieth
All the yearning heart can wish."
Melody from soothing songsters,
Dancing sunbeams, lakelets blue,
Murmuring streams and gentle breezes
Speak thy language purely true.

Then there is, O generous giver,
All thy vast, sweet wealth of flowers.
Sacred messages they bear us
In the hallowed twilight hours.
Welcome, welcome, happy Summer,
Breathing sweetest songs of love,
Opening out fair scenes of splendor
Far as heart and mind can rove.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN cometh—glorious Autumn!—
Sighing as she draweth near;

Cypress leaves are in her garland,
On each lash hangs a tear.

'Mid her rare, resplendent beauty,
Waves of sadness cross her face;

Such a melancholy sweetness
Tinges all her wondrous grace.

Coming forth to kiss the flowers

Soft and silently good-bye,

Taking up the languid blossoms

In her tender arms to die;

Breathes a loving, farewell blessing

As she roams through forest shade,

Throws a robe of brilliant glory

Over dying leaf and blade;

Dimly watches radiant Summer,

Passing smilingly away,

Chanting low, melodious dirges

On her sister's burial day;

Spreads her pall of mellow brightness

O'er the sweetly faithful dead,

Lingering but to soothe the mourners,

Weeping for the charmer fled.

WINTER.

MAJESTIC Winter comes along
In robes superbly rare,
A coronet of icy pearls
Gleams in her dusky hair.
Fair slumberers she comes to guard
(A queenly guardian she),
And constant is her guardianship
Beside the beauteous three.

She layeth wreaths of evergreen
On Spring and Summer's breast,
And spreads a stainless coverlet
Where Autumn lies at rest.
Her voice in clearest accent comes
From where the sleepers lay;
Her theme is not of death but life's
Bright resurrection day.

She bids the moaning winds be still,
She chides the gloomy clouds;
Her gentle charges soon will rise
And cast aside their shrouds;
Will re-appear in sweet array,
Then Nature's bells will ring,
And Silence lift her drooping head,
Her happy songs to sing.

A BUNCH OF GRAPES.

A LITTLE maiden sat beside
Her dying mother's bed,
The weary sufferer touched the child—
“A drink, my dear,” she said.
“Poor mother, how I wish I had
Some juicy grapes for you,
There's some within the palace gates
Like grapes in Eden grew.
“Such lovely clusters, mother, round
The royal vineries twine!
I wonder what a bunch would cost
Of grapes so very fine?
“’Tis said our ruler is most kind,
And loves his people well;
Oh, if he knew you were so ill,
I'm sure he some would sell.
“I've got some money, all my own;
I think I'll go and see.”
“No, no, my darling, courtly grapes
Are not for you and me.”
Some grapes for mother, nothing less
Possessed her heart and head,
And when she saw her mother slept,
Away the maiden sped.
She found the sentry looking stern
While pacing up and down,
And when her fingers touched the bell,
He spoke and wore a frown:

"Halt, there! What are you doing at
The palace gates? Come, tell.
No beggars are allowed in there,
So let alone that bell."

"My mother, sir, is dying and
Her lips are pale and dry,
I have not come to beg; I want
A bunch of grapes to buy.

"Pray do not look so angry, sir,
I will not rudely ring,
Nor will I touch one grape myself,
Oh! let me see the king."

He put her little hand aside
With something like a fling,
And in his sternest accents said,
"You cannot see the king."

It happened at this hour the Prince
Was taking a slow walk
Within the gardens, and he heard
The child and sentry talk.

The youth approached, and gently to
The little maiden said:
"You wish to see the king, my child,
Will I not do instead?"

"I am his eldest son, and so
I know him very well.
It is my father's rule to give;
I never knew him sell."

He took her little hand and led
Her where the vineries stood,
And something dimmed his kindly eyes
And stirred his honest blood.

And cutting off two clusters large,
In giving them he smiled,
Saying: "One for mother and one for
Her kind, unselfish child."

When on their way back to the gates,
He said: "Now, little Miss,
Will you not tell me mother's name
And where her cottage is?"

Then, stooping, plucked four roses sweet,
Pink, yellow, white and red,
And as they parted at the gates,
In lower tones he said:

"So mother's going up where none
Have sick or weary hours,
Where there are roses without thorns,
And finer grapes than ours?"

"Good day. The king shall hear about
This little interview.
Ere mother leaves for heaven she'll know
His son will care for you."

* * * * *

This youth was princely, but we know
A nobler Prince, who trod
Life's thorny ways, to make for us
A flowery path to God.

SONS OF THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

Dedication Poem, written at the time of the Founding of the Sons
of England Society in Toronto.

FROM whence came ye? Who were your sires?
Can ye near kinship claim

With that brave race and glorious land
Which heads the scroll of fame?

You can call that proud land your own
Which gave those heroes birth;

A land whose light illumines the world
And gladdens all the earth.

A land of happy cottage homes
And proud ancestral halls;

A land on which the smile of God
Serenely, softly falls;

A land that's blest with Bible light
And Heaven's most gracious smile;

Upheld by good and righteous laws,
Is Britain's sea-girt isle.

Standing beneath the red-cross flag—
Whose glory gilds a world—

Peace, happiness and love abound,
Where'er it is unfurled;

Beneath that grand old glorious flag,
Beneath its folds of light,

Well may ye boast of pride of birth,
And glory in your right.

Beneath its wide, wide sheltering folds,
From every clime and tongue,
Outcasts and homeless wanderers
May find redress for wrong ;
Borne high by Liberty it waves
A welcome full and free ;
Tho' old and battle-worn, it is
The pride of land and sea.

'Tis Albion, my brethren,
All other lands has blest,
'Tis where our well-loved, widowed Queen
Has laid her dead to rest.
Can you forget those temples fair
Which stud the God-blest soil,
Where anthems rise and prayers ascend
From peers and heirs of toil ?

Can you forget those classic halls
That grace your native land,
Whence culture sendeth forth her sons,
A royal, noble band ?
Can you forget those graves where lie
The great, the wise, the good—
The brave, large-hearted ones who gave,
For freedom's cause, their blood ?

Can you forget those deathless names
That beam on Glory's scroll—
Those names that cannot but inspire
Nobility of soul ?

Then, oh, my brother Englishmen !
Your birthright ne'er disgrace :
Remember, ye are offsprings of
A noble, generous race !

Remember that your glorious sires
Were men of truth and might.
Stand by their motto, nobly stand
For God—God and the right !
Uphold, ye Sons of England,
Your country's world-wide fame ;
Walk worthy of the land you love—
Worthy the land you claim.



TO MINNIE.

DEAR Mignonette : is it thy name
Calls forth this one stray tear,
Or Mamma's memory, home and friends,
For varied scenes appear.

Your letter, now before me, dear,
Arrived at mid day hour,
This lovely day, October first,
Of eighteen eighty-four.

And I must answer it at once,
For, near each line, I see
Your tender, loving heart feels pained,
And that gives pain to me.

You say that Uncle Alfred thinks
You very dull in mind ;
Well, try and learn—learn all that will
Keep mind and soul refined.

And, darling, you must never think
Uncle unkind : I see
He wants his motherless young niece
A queenly girl to be.

I think he knows that mamma gave
Name, Mignonette, to thee,
In hope her little daughter might
A perfect lady be.

Perhaps it may cheer you if I tell
You something of myself,
To show you how I was and am
Just what you think yourself.

Long, long ago, when young as you,
I made such blunders, that
My friends said had I been a boy
They would have named me "Pat."

Such great mistakes I made in days
That now have passed away!
And, Minnie, what think you I did
So late as yesterday?

I wrote some letters to my friends
Away in England,
And then two notes to others here
I rather hastily penned.

And, oh, just think! I dated them
September thirty-first;
So, Minnie, never tell me more
Of dull ones you are worst.

Child of my dear departed friend,
Be not down-cast or sad;
For, with thy tender loving heart,
Thou may'st make many glad.

Let all thy ways—like to thy name—
Shed fragrance 'round home's bower;
Be gentle, unassuming, sweet—
Like that small, modest flower.

THE TEST.

TWAS in a large hairdresser's store,
A bargain was being made
Between its head clerk and a child—
A pretty, pensive maid.

Her years could not have numbered more
Than ten, at most eleven,
But such a wealth of glossy curls
Nature to her had given.

The simple dress of black she wore
Was fashioned by taste's skill,
Its sash of crape caught up in loops
To humor fancy's will.

The little hand which held her hat
An artist's smile would win,
Its tremor and her quivering lips
Told of a fight within.

She halted timidly beside
The empty, waiting chair,
The offer was so very low
For her abundant hair.

(Her curls were of uncommon shade,
A golden tinted brown,
And past her shoulders to her waist
In clusters they fell down).

Then shaking out her beauteous wealth
Of glossy chestnut hair,
With eyes brimful of unshed tears,
She took the offered chair.

But when she saw the shears upraised
Her little heart gave way,
Tear after tear fell in her lap,
She sobbed "Please don't delay.

"Take, take them quickly, one by one,
Some more may grow ere long;
If not I do not mind, unless
My mother says 'twas wrong."

But ere had fallen one soft curl,
A kind voice softly said,
"What makes you sell your hair my child,
When it becomes your head?"

"Oh, sir," came with a choking sob,
And a fresh burst of tears,
"My mother is so very ill,
Her eyes look full of fears."

"And oh, sir, should my mother die
For want of wine or bread,
My heart would break, the curls must go,
I've naught to sell instead."

"I know they're very beautiful,
But father, sir, is dead,
And I have not yet learned to work
With either floss or thread.

"My mother does not know I've come
To have them cut away,
And when she sees my curls are gone
I know not what she'll say.

"She strokes them fondly, and they seem
To comfort her so much;
I've heard her say that every one
Holds father's smile and touch.

"Oh, sir, it seems a long half year
Since my dear papa died,
Since last he took me on his knee
And called my curls his pride."

"I wonder when my hair is sold
If I'll still have his love?
Sir, do you know if people get
Vexed in the world above?

"He may not care to see me much
Without my curls in heaven.
Oh, do you think he'll mind it, sir,
When all the truth is given?"

"No, sweet one; no, no, not at all,"
The stranger huskily said,
As, stooping o'er the questioner,
He kissed her pale forehead.

"But I must have one from beneath,
And mother shall have bread,
And father, too, shall find his curls
—Save one—on this dear head."

And lifting up the shining mass,
He very gently took
One, which, with careful hands, he placed
Within his pocket-book.

Then took her hand, and in it laid
A sum that made her start,
Which drove the clouds from off her brow,
And stole pain from her heart.

And to her look of glad surprise,
He answered with good cheer,
"I am the gainer of the two ;
Run home to mother, dear."

"This curl," he to himself then said,
"Is worth that sum, and more ;
It tells me earth has hosts as pure
As those across its shore."



THE TWO ALBUMS.

YES, both albums are pretty
In shade and design ;
The bronze-brown one is ours,
The crimson one mine.
But one is a favorite—
I like my own best,
Though not for its color,
Its clasp or its crest.

In the one I call ours
I very oft look,
And never grow tired
Of reading the book.
But the one you are holding—
Touch it tenderly, pray—
Seems to whisper of Heaven
To me every day.

I never look on it
With eyes very clear ;
Yes, the crimson-plush album
To me is most dear.
Sometimes, as I pass by
Its place on that stand,
I stroke it as softly as
I stroke a loved hand.

Sometimes I bend o'er and
Drop on it a sigh,
Feeling sorry 'tis mine—
Ah, friend, I know why.

I feel sorry and glad
Because its my own,
For I think of a grave
And then of a crown.

Look at picture the first :
Fine eyes of dark brown,
And a brow that is free from
A care or a frown ;
The hand that is resting
Against the right knee
Many times has been pressed
In friendship by me.

But those eyes and those hands
I never now see,
Except when I look in
That book on your knee.
Then my mind runs back
Some nine or ten years,
When I wiped from those eyes
Large, sorrowful tears.

Though my friend was not then
More than a schoolboy,
Yet I had a large share
In his sorrow and joy.
I have seen from those eyes
Bright, happy drops run,
And have read in their depths
Love, anger and fun.

I see him again, as
He often dropped in—
You'd have thought he and I
Were closely akin.
I must look o'er his toilet,
Fix his necktie with care ;
I must give the last touch
And curve to his hair.

Oh, the laughings we had
O'er the choice of a flower !
Would this suit his coat—would
That fade in an hour ?
If sure of the message
Each flower would say,
He would leave it to me .
To choose the bouquet.

* * * *

Oh, yes, I was fond of
The generous lad ;
For I knew of some yearnings
His young heart had.

* * * *

Then I think of a day,
Not four months fled,
When that hand lay in mine,
Pale, pulseless and dead.
Yes, he died last fall,
In his twenty-sixth year,
With a look so triumphant
O'er death and all fear.

Oh, that look ! it was full
Of such light from the skies,
That we felt loth to close
His glorious eyes.
It seemed, sometimes, as
I looked on his clay,
That he slept, as we sleep,
In^d a natural way.

I took up his hand as
If pressure was there,
Gave a touch to his tie
With the old-time care ;
And, as if to enliven
His waking hours,
Brought water each morning
To freshen the flowers.

But when I remembered
He'd done with all pain,
I left off wishing
He might waken again.
I fancied I saw him
In Life's upper bowers,
Gazing fondly on blossoms
E'en fairer than ours.

• Once I took up his brush,
When no one was there,
And gave the old turn
To his glossy dark hair ;

And mingled his name in
Low words that I said,
As I pressed a soft kiss
On his calm forehead.

These fingers quivered,
Yet no teardrop fell,
As I pinned a white rose
On his left lapel.
But tear followed tear when
They lowered him down
Within yon brown gates*
Outside of the town.

* * * * *

That album was his, his
Friends gave it to me ;
Do you wonder that it
A treasure should be ?
I've devoted its leaves
To friends who have fled :
Every face you'll find there
Now sleeps with the dead.

'Tis a sacred album ;
Touch it tenderly, pray,
And lay it down gently
When you put it away.

* Mount Pleasant.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

HER right to make home worthy of
Its tender, hallowed name,
To ever keep in memory—
'Twas for to bless she came.

Her right to mould the infant mind
In all that's true and good ;
To train the yearnings of the heart
To follow after God.

Her right to try and lift a load
From off a burdened heart ;
Bid it forget its wounds, and look
Where teardrops never start.

Her right to gently wipe the tear
From off the mourner's cheek ;
To pour the oil of sympathy
On hearts about to break.

Her right to touch a troubled brow
And smooth the ruffles there,
And drop a whispered "God bless you,"
While kissing off a care.

Her right, her sole right 'tis, to love
With all her strength of soul—
To wear affection's chain, and keep
Each link completely whole.

Her right, her full right 'tis, to go
And smooth the sufferer's bed—
To bend and watch the dying face,
To touch and kiss the dead.

Her right to close the coffin-lid,
Which hides what is so dear—
Who can have better right to tend
A babe or maiden's bier?

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

AROUND thy shrine to-day
Princes and patriots meet,
Poets and philosophers
Lay homage at thy feet.

They celebrate the natal day,
(With calm and quiet mirth)
When one of nature's noblemen
First saw the light of earth.
They've buried all thy follies low,
For they have failings too ;
They know thy soul's deep agonies
And struggles not a few.

After a higher, nobler life
Thy mighty spirit cried ;
Thy sterling, independent worth
E'en envy ne'er denied.

They know thy earnest, heartfelt cries--
Thy yearnings after rest,
The hopes that bloomed to pine and find
A grave within thy breast.

And how that tender heart of thine
With gratitude o'erflowed,
Beat, throbbed with gentle sympathy
O'er those in sorrow bowed ;
The daisy, waving in the breeze,
Its inmost chord could thrill ;
The little, timid, startled mouse,
Near thee could sport at will.

Of Pharisaical tribe are they,
Such as thou once addressed,
Who will not leave, immortal bard,
Thy princely fame at rest ;
But lay thy failings open wide,
That all the world may ken
Thy great, grand soul was never read
By these small-minded men.

How carefully they cull the weeds,
But trample on the flowers,
And never wish to gain access
Into thy hidden bowers.
'Tis generous souls, not narrow minds,
Who read thy soul aright--
One looks on thee at open day,
The others gaze at night.

And men, brave men, with feeling hearts,
Are 'round thy shrine to-day,
Who know that cold adversity
Marked all thy chequered way.
They know the deep soul-reverence
Thou paid'st the Deity;
How hypocrites—like "Holy Will"—
All feared a glance from thee.

They're thinking how thou once was called
The Meteor of the North,
Altho' a steady, brilliant star,
No mist could dim on earth;
Whose glowing rays do still illumine
Thine own heroic land,
And gild the waves that touch the shore
Of every sea-washed strand.

They see thee leave Edina's halls,
While yet the worshipped one,
To find the lowly, unmarked grave
Of Robert Ferguson.
They mark the troubled, tender tear
Roll from thy proud, dark eye,
That one who charmed unnumber'd ears
Should thus unheeded lie.

They watch thee reverently kneel,
And gently kiss the spot
Where slept the blighted child of song,
Whose sorrows seemed forgot.

And other scenes akin to this,
Their lasting love hath won—
They glory in their cherished bard
Being Scotia's darling son.

That "Bannockburn" and "Auld Lang Syne,"
And "Honest Poverty,"
"Sweet Afton" and "Tam's Wondrous Tale"
Had all their birth in thee.
The "Cotter's Night" and "Mary's Shade,"
And "Man was Made to Mourn,"
Together with thy deathless name,
On Fame's wide wings are borne.

They know thy life's a nobler poem
Than any from thine hand,
For sinful, poor humanity;
And this is why they stand
Around thy shrine, to celebrate
The day that gave thee birth—
Why Scotland's sons still proudly pay
This tribute to thy worth.

While sun rays glow and moonbeams shine,
And planets glide along,
While Spring returns and flowers bloom,
And love and truth are strong,
While Music's soft, subduing power
Can hold the soul in sway,
Brave men will meet to celebrate
Thy Anniversary Day.

ON REJECTION OF THE FOREGOING BY A
TORONTO DAILY.

WELL never mind, my bonnie bairn,
This slight is no disgrace,
Another twenty-fifth may see
Thee show thy honest face.

'Tis hard, I know, thy heart was set
On dropping one small spray
Among the garlands that will be
On Robin's shrine to-day.

And Robin knows thou wouldst have laid
Thy mite amongst the flowers,
So dry thine eyes, rejected one,
And wait for brighter hours.

In time to come some editors
May act with better grace,
And not thrust little gifts aside,
But lay them in their place.



HOPE AND TRUST.

HOPE.

NO shadows in her path are found,
No wintry storms appear ;
But all is bright and gay around,
'Tis summer all the year.

No mournful sounds do greet her ear,
No sorrow makes her sad ;
She breathes no sigh, she sheds no tear,
She's mirthful, happy, glad.

Sweet music greets her everywhere,
In rich, deep, mellow song ;
Joy, beauty, her attendants are,
Wafting her steps along.

TRUST.

Serenely beautiful is she,
Submissive, gentle, mild,
Clad in soft robes of purity,
The Father's favorite child.

When storms do rave she calmly stands ;
She fears no dread alarms ;
Secure beneath His wiser hands
And everlasting arms.

If joys below do fade and die
She leans upon His breast,
Content they never fade on high,
And what He wills is best.

THE DOGS IN COUNCIL.

A GROUP of faithful looking dogs
Communed within the pound,
Then one pricked up his well-bred ears,
And called to all around :

"Ye dogs, whose sad misfortune 'tis
To be imprisoned here,
To make the best of what is bad,
And pass the time less drear,

"My friends around me think 'twould be
A plan none would regret
To tell how some of us were caught
Within that cruel net.

"You that approve will kindly rise
And show by wag of tail ;
Those who oppose will please lie still
And louder whine and wail.

"'Tis carried ; so we will appoint
Someone to take the chair.
I think friend Watch would well preside,
And lead us with due care."

The speaker was a splendid dog,
With long, soft, wavy ears,
And eyes that looked as if they had,
Or could, shed human tears.

A curly coat of glossy black,
A sweeping, bushy tail,
A dog whose mind, being once made up,
Would never flinch or fail.

And leading forth the dog called Watch,
Who bowed his well-shaped head,
And, in a pleasant voice and way,
To his supporters said :

"My friends, since you've appointed me,
I'll do the best I can
To tell you how I was entrapped
Within that dirty van."

"Excuse me, Watch," the leader said,
"This noise must not prevail,"
Then cried, with a proud, scornful toss
Of his commanding tail :

"Order! ye crouching, ill-bred curs;
Cease every howl and yell;
List to our chairdog state how he
In this vile bondage fell."

"Now order is restored, I'll try
And truthfully relate
How I have lost a right good home,
And more than one playmate.

"(Ah, friends, I miss their chubby arms
Around my shaggy neck;
I tell you what, it needs some pluck
To keep the tears in check).

"I gamboled with them on the green,
And watched them pluck wild flowers,
('Tis when in sorrow, friends, we miss,
The bygone happy hours).

"My master is an honest man,
Good, genial, kind and free,
And yet I'm fearful he'll not come
In time to pay the fee.

"For he has one great failing, friends,
I've known it cost him dear,
Procrastination is its name,
And 'tis through it I'm here.

"Our meeting, friends, tho' rather dull,
Will not admit of song,
So Rover, now, will tell us how
He's with this fettered throng."

"Dear friends, my story is more sad
Than our good chairdog's told,
I'm here because my master's heart
Is set too much on gold.

"I've licked his hand, I've leaned my head
Mournfully on his knee;
Yet no bright collar, no life-badge
Would he bring home for me.

"I've kept the robbers from his door
While he has slept at night,
And now he's lost a trusty friend,
And I am doomed outright."

Chairdog.—

“The speaker who has just laid down
Claims pity from us all;
I'm sorry that his lot was cast
With one with heart so small.

“Ah, friends, I guess poor Rover could
Some cruel scenes unfold,
For if there's aught that hardens men
It is the love of gold.

“The poet might have fairly said
That dogs were ‘made to mourn,’
Through ‘inhumanity of men’
We're brought to death with scorn.

“And now I'll introduce to you
One whom I much respect,
My valued friend will tell you that
He came through no neglect.

“Friend Carlo, will you please step forth
And give this audience
A first-class speech abounding with
Some sterling common sense?”

“Imprisoned friends, our chairdog's given
A right hard task to me,
But I will do my best to cheer
You in captivity.

“My master! why, my friends, I love
Each spot where he has trod,
And once had hope to live until
They laid him 'neath the sod.

"Friends, if I were a gifted dog,
And formed to use a pen,
I'd tell the world some royal souls
Are what it terms "poor men."

"I'd tell it that nobility
Is often hid from sight
Of glorious battles bravely won,
Though not yet brought to light.

"Ah, could I tell you all I know
Of hope, joy, grief and fear,
There's not a dog within this pound
But what would drop a tear.

"But I am taking up good time,
And we'll not have much more;
Our hopes, our joys, our fears and griefs
Will very soon be o'er.

"So I'll conclude with telling how
I to this bond-ground came.
As my brave friend, the chairdog, said,
My master's not to blame.

"(But, sir, are you entirely sure
We've no reporters here,
Some words may drop we might not care
Should reach the public ear).

"My home is not a wealthy home
Like some of you had here,
But love, and happiness, and peace
Were never absent there.

"My master, mistress, children three,
Were all I could desire,
As time went round I only found
More in them to admire.

"I never saw unpleasant scenes
In their domestic life;
If sorrow came, my master seemed
More tender to his wife.

"And when he felt inclined to be
Cast down at being poor,
She kissed him fondly whispering
There's better times in store.

"Then he would draw her head low down
Upon his manly breast,
And say if not, I've you, my girl,
And so am truly blest.

"And I would get a pat as he
Hummed some small snatch of song;
Our home was never gloomy made
Through business going wrong.

"I always liked the evening hour,
The supper-cloth being spread,
My master's next day's lunch prepared,
The children snug in bed.

"His slippers standing closely by
His softly cushioned chair,
My mistress with a simple knot
Or flower in her hair;

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

“The pictures gleaming from the wall,
Some chosen book at hand ;
The curtains drooping o’er our low
Well-tended flower-stand.

“Reading and music, lastly prayers,
The evening hours would close ;
The smiling sleepers softly kissed,
They sought the night’s repose.

“And thus the weeks and months went round
In happiness, until
One morn my master was brought home
Needing the doctor’s skill.

“I never knew my mistress well
Until that illness came,
Such tender gentleness I saw,—
Too sacred here to name.

“’Twas then I thought it best to lie
Outside our garden gate
To keep the noise from master’s room,
And better learn his state.

“I tried to read the doctor’s face
As he would come and go,
And ’twas while watching by the gate
I met our cruel foe.

“Excuse me, friends, I must conclude
Or I’ll break down I fear,
There’s something rising near my eye
Feels very like a tear.”

Chairdog.—

“Friends, if there is another world
For brave dogs after this,
My noble friend will have reward
For his true-heartedness.

“And, if there’s not, his murderers
Can not rob him of fame,
I’m confident his friends will not
Forget to prize his name.

“Now Dash, our president, will please
Come forward on the floor;
I know his heart is smarting by
Being wounded to the core.

“I would not call him had it not
Been very truly said :
‘It is the sorrowing who have got
For sufferers tears to shed.’”

“Dear sir, and friends, I feel too vexed
To sigh or shed a tear,
For ’tis through man’s blind self-conceit
That I am penned in here.

“My clever owner might have bought
Long since a badge for me ;
And, sir, I’d sooner die this death
Than he should set me free.

“He boasted that no dog-trapper
Dare net a dog of his,
And now he’ll say ’twas through mistake
That I was caught like this.

"Although I do not understand
Much of religious creed,
I still have sense enough to know
Good birth from meaner breed.

"What training, sir, would change those curs
From being what they are?
As easy to convert a lamp
Into a brilliant star.

"Like gold, true worth will hold its own,
In horses, dogs and men,
And noble manhood is oft bound
Like we are in this den.

"My heart was touched when Carlo spoke
Of his sweet, pleasant home,
I thought mine might have been as bright
Had love and duty come.

"My master is not troubled with
That plague called poverty.
I've thought a touch would do him good
Of keen adversity;

"'Twould keep him from condemning men
Who can't with him agree,
And he might learn that all is not
As he may chance to see.

"He'd lose that knack of turning up
His eyes—oh, most deplorelly—
Which makes him look—at least to me—
So very anti-holy.

"Well, sir, we'll bravely meet our fate,
And die as heroes should,
(I wish those yellors could meet death
Like we of better blood)."

Chairdog.—

"I think had our last speaker been
A proud lord of creation,
And held the helm of state, we'd had
Some first-class legislation.

"Or had he had the power to vote
He'd use it with due care,—
(Dash is a good conservative,
Of that you are aware).

"Now, Bouncer, come and show to all
Your fine black sturdy nose,
And when we've heard you state the truth
It will be time to close."

"Our chairdog seems quite cheerful, friends,
With latter end in view,
How very different 'tis with yon
Poor mournful, whining crew.

"Well, friends, I'm sorry that I'm here,
I have no wish to die,
Unlike our president, I feel
I could both weep and sigh.

"I am not here through anything
That is mixed up with crimes,
But simply through depression, or
What many call 'hard times.'

"My home, like many tradesmen's homes
Was neat and comfortable,
And as regards domestic life,
Naught came to give us trouble.

"But trade fell off, and business hands
Had to be turned away,
And ready-money customers
Now found it hard to pay.

"And master o'er his ledger oft
Bowed down his troubled head,
And said if matters get much worse
'Twill come to what I dread,

"We'll have to close the store and put
Up our neat home for sale ;
'Tis hard to struggle on for years
And after all to fail.

"Then I would try to let him know
He had in me a friend ;
Whatever came to pass I'd be
As faithful to the end.

"It gladdened me to see him put
The narrow book away,
It seemed to me that all his gloom
Within its pages lay.

"I daily left the house and spent
Some hours at the store,
So knew more than they knew at home
Of master growing poor.

"At home he always tried to be
Cheerful, and often gay;
Would romp his youngest boy or join
The older ones at play.

"I've seen him look so pained when they
Would ask him for new toys,
And watched him mend their broken ones,
With water in his eyes.

"Ah, many changes came during
Two little years or so,
The pleasant girl we all liked well,
And nurse-maid had to go.

"The closing of my master's store,
The clerkship which he took,
And every other change I lay
To that long, narrow book.

"I've felt a lump rise in my throat
To see the children spare
So willingly my dinner from
Their very frugal fare.

"And several times I stole away
When dinner was at hand,
And heard my name called by them all,
The generous little band.

"Sometimes they would not touch their food
Till Bouncer could be found,
And searched and led me up unto
My plate upon the ground.

"And yesterday, ere mid-day meal,
I leaped the garden fence,
So some of you may think I'm here
Through want of common sense.

"Though, sir, I've only briefly told
What led me to my fate,
I could a longer, truthful tale
Of struggling relate."

Chairdog.—

"Most of our speakers, friends, I think,
Could talk away till night,
And, like true orators, still keep
Their subject full in sight.

"Had we not been assembled on
Such matters as we are,
We might have had their views upon
This savage Zulu war ;

"But all the leading topics will
Be handled with true might,
As every century has its men
Who ably speak and write.

"For some are born to move a pen,
And some to wield a sword,
And such are plainly known from all
The imitating horde.

"Well, friends, I trust that some of you
Ere night will be set free;
If so, I hope you'll not forget
My comrades here and me;

"And after we have gone away—
Where to I cannot tell—
I trust some words we've dropped will lodge
Within your memory's cell.

"Adversity has glorious views
Beyond its dark clad skies,
That never can be clearly seen
Until the mists arise.

"So you may live to bless the day
You ever came in here,
Your brightest hours may spring from out
The one you thought most drear.

"I hope you've got a clearer view—
Of what is termed blue blood,
To know the tinsel from the gold,
The evil from the good.

"I think it would be well if you—
Who are spared—could lay down rules,
And form yourselves in clubs or what
Our betters have named schools.

"Though dogs you be, you need not fear
Of growing over-wise,
(I don't mean you should learn from books,
But through your ears and eyes).

"Through lack of knowledge you may bite
Or shake a man ill dressed,
Not knowing that a gentleman
May wear a shabby vest.

"Things often are so very far
From what they seem to be,
Or quite different w^old it be
With some surrounding me.

"But what is this I'm treading on
So very neat and small,
With something soothing in its touch,
Like gentle pattings fall.

"It seems some clever dog has leaped
Beyond both fate and law,
For in this note our president
Has pushed beneath my paw :

"It plainly states in doggish lore
I must my comrades tell.
That 'mongst the noblest born of dogs
We'll be remembered well.

"I've very often thought about
That small, yet great word, fame,
And wondered why fine minds should crave
To win a lasting name.

"I've puzzled over gifted men
Struggling for this down here,
But this kind note appears to make
The mystery more clear.

"'Tis said men's ruling passions are
Strongest at life's last hour,
So it may be we dogs possess
Something of this grand power.

"Our last request is that this note
Low in our graves shall lie;
With thanks to its kind sender, we
Now wish you all good-bye."

**OH, NEVER BREATHE THOSE WORDS
AGAIN.**

Written after hearing it said, "It shows a little mind to love one's
own Country best."

Oh, never breathe those words again,
Lest great, grand souls should hear!
Lest thou should'st dim some hero's eye
With loyalty's own tear.

Rememberst thou not that one said,
With his last dying sigh,
"My country, oh, my country!"
Then closed his troubled eye?

Five sacred words, which British hearts
Still fondle and caress—
Containing all the pathos of
Their sad, sweet tenderness.

The failing voice, the mournful tone,
Those dying lips expressed,
Is kept with pleasurable pain
In every loyal breast.

“My country, oh, my country!”
The dying patriot said,
And with that loving, yearning prayer,
The brave, great spirit fled.

War's crimson pall hung o'er our land,
Her best blood was being shed,
And anxious hearts and troubled souls,
Bent o'er the *statesman's bed.

“My country, oh, my country!”
Thrilled the whole nation through,
And, as the years roll on, those words
Grow beautifully new.

Oh, hast thou never felt or read
What love of Home can do!
Dost thou forget our Ocean-star,
Or that of Waterloo?

* Pitt.

Thou livest within the radiant light,
Which from their rays have spread,
Pointing the nations from afar
To our heroic dead.

And hast thou never wished to kneel,
Nor even softly tread,
Within those hallowed halls which lead
To *our* illustrious dead?

It cannot be! thou must have longed
To pass that glorious nave,
And leave some sweet white roses on
Our darling sailor's grave.

"My country, oh, my country!"
Words ever in our ears;
They have inspired—they still inspire—
Our gallant volunteers.

"My country, oh, my country!"
What grander, loyal words
Could be engraven on their hearts
Or written on their swords?

Oh, never breathe those words again,
Lest patriots, from earth fled,
Should fear we thought unwillingly
They fought and for us bled.

Oh, never, never breathe them more—
Would they could be unsaid!
Their echo may be rolling now,
Near England's cherished dead

JULY THE 12th.

Written after first seeing the Orange Procession in Toronto,
Monday, July 13th, 1874.



YES! it was a brilliant scene,
Dark leaden clouds gave way—
The sun burst forth in rays serene—
To celebrate the day!

Ah! William plucked the Papal thorn;
Now freedom's rose blooms gay—
And proudly were his banners borne
By loyal hands to day.

The Orangemen in full array,
Looking so brave and bright,
Do at his shrine proud homage pay
For liberty and right.

Young Britons, too—brave, dauntless band—
Toronto's hope and stay,
If to the right they firmly stand,
And give the truth fair play.

The "No Surrender" Derry boys,
Whose blood knows no decay—
'Twas Freedom and her train of joys
Brought out their sons to-day.

The Derry siege; the Boyne campaign!
Rich Banners did display,
Great William's glorious English reign
Shone grandly bright to-day.

The Word of God—blest book of books
Borne open through the street,
Not chained to blocks—no savage looks
Its readers now need meet!

No cruel stakes, no dreadful fires
Burn men to death to-day:
Man worships God as God inspires—
Brave William! cleared the way.

But, Orangemen! stand firm and true!
The foe makes inroads sly—
Remember! O remember, you
The “No Surrender” cry!

And Protestants, be on your guard—
(Half-Protestants I mean),
Think, but for William’s matchless reign
What England now had been—

Bound hand and foot in Popish bonds;
Fast in Rome’s iron yoke;
But William came and broke her chains
With one determined stroke!

Shines round his great immortal name,
A halo of pure light!
Ah! Britons know the Twelfth can claim
A celebration bright.

MY LITTLE IVY PLANT.

I HAVE a little ivy plant,
('Tis not yet two feet high),
That not my dearest earthly friend
Can either beg or buy.

Carnation, oleander and
Fair lily I pass by,
And fuchsia, full of drooping grace,
To draw my ivy nigh.

I touch it tenderly as I
Have touched an infant's hand ;
Amongst my very choicest gems,
It takes a foremost stand.

My little glossy favorite
Possesses wondrous skill,
It carries me and lets me down
Near heaven's gates at will.

Sometimes it whispers sweetly low,
Sometimes I hear it sing ;
The atmosphere of heaven seems
Around its leaves to cling.

Now, would you know the secret of
My little ivy's power,
And why I prize it far beyond
My choicest shrub or flower.

And why I've watched it root and grow,
And know each leaf's birthday;
And why I cannot sell or give
The little thing away.

It came a tiny sprig from where
Rude winds dare never rave,
From off a glossy vine that ran
Around a baby's grave.

THE IRISH MOTHER'S PRAYER.

H, but it is yourself, lady,
Knows how to give relief,
Knows how to warm a mother's heart
When frozen o'er with grief
He was my only, only one,
And his bright happy smile
Has oft made up for loss of home
My Erin's fair green isle.
"Tis good and kind the friends have been,
Their words were right and wise,
But not one drop to ease my love
Would come to these sad eyes.
"Twas when the light had left his eyes,
And when his pulse grew still,
"Twas then my heart grew hard and cold
Against God's righteous will.

But when you kissed my dear, dead boy,
And laid those leaves and flowers
Down by his little white clasped hands
That had been cold for hours ;

'Twas only then the blessed tears
Came to my weary eyes,
'Twas only then a calmness came
And hushed to sleep my sighs.

'Twas only then my stubborn will
Would ask for grace to part—
To give ; give back to Him who gave
The jewel of my heart.

God's blessing on your generous soul,
And on your life's whole way,
And when you sleep like my boy sleeps
I pray the angels may

Weave for your brow a crown of flowers
From Eden's blest estate,
And may my boy stand by and see
Them crown you at the gate.

And for that garland may he cull
From Heaven's favorite bowers
The fairest, sweetest, rarest sprays
Of everlasting flowers.

And may he be the first to meet
You with a kiss above,
And thank you as I fain would thank
You for this act of love.

ON THE HUMBER DISASTER.

January 2nd, 1884.

SORROW in sable garments clad,
Sad visitor is here,
Draping in heavy mourning robes
The weeping fair new year.

She 'moves the coronation crown,
Worn but for one short day,
And softly twines in place of it
The gloomy cypress spray.

Thus robed the stricken youthful year
Mourns over homes made sad,
O'er broken hearts no more to know
The joy of feeling glad.

She weeps o'er children robbed of mirth,
And of a father's care;
"Bless Papa," they no more will lisp
At morn and evening prayer.

She weeps that death with rudest stroke
And ghastliest form should come,
And hurry youth and manhood in
A wide unlooked-for tomb.

His victims not on pleasure bent,
Nor crime's dark deeds to spread,
But going forth that they and theirs
Might lack no honest bread.

She weeps, and sadder are her tears,
And lower droops her head
In fullest sympathy with all
Now mourning for their dead.

No glimmer of the smile she wore
A few short hours ago,
Sharing with sisters, mothers, wives,
And lovers in their woe.

Then for a time in thought she leaves
The sorrowing and the dead,
Wipes from her pallid cheek the tears
And lifts her drooping head.

Grateful the sad, sad scene took place,
Near city kind and good,
That long for pure benevolence
On fame's fair list has stood.

* * * * *

'Tis sorrow's call, and thousands hear
Her sad voice, far and near,
From city, suburbs, towns they come,
This fifth day of the year.

Our stores are closed and draped in black,
The city bells all toll,
And music's solemn melody
Melts every tender soul.

Foremost our gallant Grenadiers.
With sorrowful slow tread,
Follow the gun, with banner draped
Bearing a comrade dead.

The cap, the belt, the pale sweet flowers
On casket of the dead,
Whisper of death, of gloom and woe,
Of life and vigor fled.

But oh! those sable covered sleighs
Ne'er bore such load before,
No funeral cars have ever made
Kind hearts more sad or sore.

No sound, save sighs and muffled sobs,
Comes from the mournful throng,
As slowly moves the solemn train
So sorrowful and long.

The sun in tender pity sends
A soothing, spring-like ray,
To cheer the bleeding, riven hearts
This tearful burial day.

Winter arrayed in paler robes,
Her voice hushed to a sigh,
Comes forth this Saturday to bid
Her coffined dead good-bye.

Young year, clad in deep mourning robes,
Beneath thy veil of white,
Bound by its cypress wreath, we catch
A gleam of grateful light.

That kindness should rear her throne,
And seal it with her crest,
In fair Toronto, proving her
"Queen City of the West."

ROAMING.

I'D been roaming, I fancied, for hours,
Where poets may linger and dream,
Nestling down amid Eden like flowers
By the banks of a musical stream.

How I longed that I often might rove
In this realm with its lyrical name,
And which lieth away and above
The fanciful kingdom of fame.

But no verse-making sinner must dare
Bring hither his rythmless rhyme,
For to sully the sanctified air
Of music's ancestral clime.

I felt tempted to ring at the gates,
And learn from its lovable queen
How if any amongst her estates
In song-land adopted had been.

Yet I knew that her children were
All free-born Princes of Light,
Weaving garlands and coronets rare
No dust and no dimness could blight:

That the Goddess of Melody weeps
At all inharmonious sounds,
And the Angel of Harmony keeps
The key of her sacred grounds.

Hence I mastered and smothered a sigh
For a place 'mongst the minstrel throng,
As I saw the fair towers rise high,
Which crowned the bright palace of song.

TELL ME.

COME tell me, dear singer, pray tell
Where your beautiful power all lies,
Which lightens and brightens sad eyes
With lustre belonging the skies.

Do you only seemingly live
Down here amid cares and tears,
And smile at the slights of this world,
While hushing its sighs and fears?

Do you dip your invisible pen
In the silvery dew of the flowers
That bloom by the brooklets of bliss,
And beautify heavenly bowers?

Your mission, I know, is to bless,
To amuse, to comfort and charm,
And to draw the tempted away
From all that would sully or harm.

I have gazed on the sacred leaves
That crowneth your glorified brow,
And yearned for a touch of the joy
And a thrill of the pleasure you know.

Then whisper the knowledge, kind bard,
In accents most tenderly low,
For as you have called me your friend
Your secrets I surely may know.

TO CANADA.

Written at the time of a newspaper contest of there being no poets
Canadian born.

LOOK up, loved Canada, look up,
And cast aside thy fears ;
Those doubtful friends of thine forgot
Thy children's tender years.
Thy boys are bright, thy girls are fair,
Though they are very young ;
In riper years they may excel
With pencil, pen or tongue.

And, as to lineage, they need crave
To own no better blood ;
With such a motherhood as theirs,
They surely should be good.
Think'st thou, fond mother, that the gods
Will pass thy children by
Without bestowing one a wreath
Of leaves that cannot die?

Remember, wisdom guards the throne
On yonder lofty hill,
That none have ever questioned yet
The gods unerring skill ;

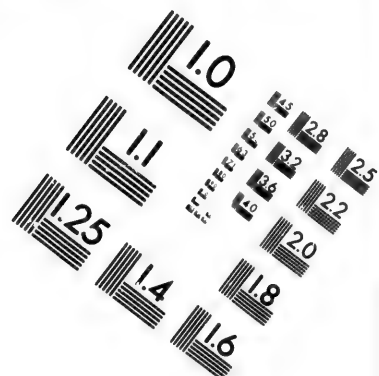
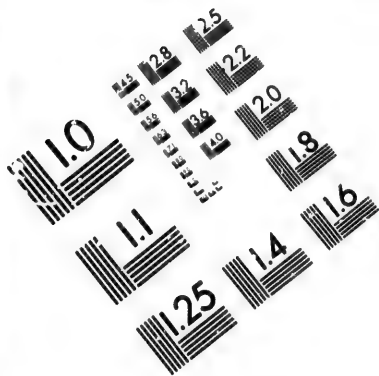
They know just how a singer's robe
In every fold should fall,
That he to whom their mandate comes
Dare not oppose the call.

They only know whose clay enshrines
Their signet on the soul,
They only know just where to drop
The chaplet and the scroll.
And, doubtless, one of thy bright boys
Arrayed as bard shall be ;
If so, his garland will be all
Thine eyes could wish to see.

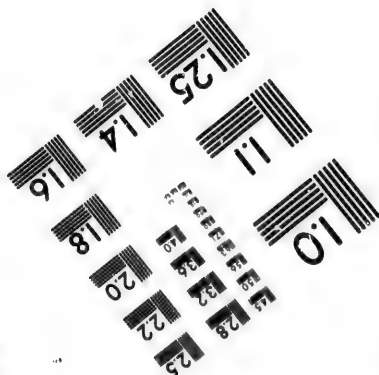
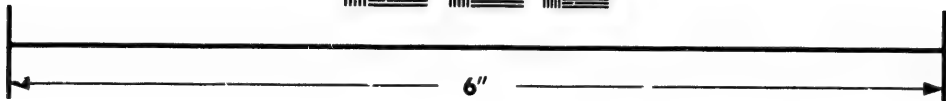
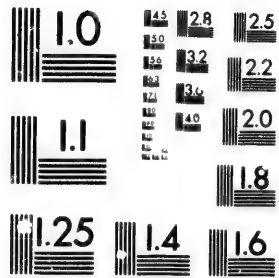
If on Parnassus fingers fair
Are weaving it there now,
Not all the critics in the world
Can keep it off his brow.
Then look, look up, dear Canada,
And nevermore look down ;
Remember, 'tis twixt earth and heaven
They make a poet's crown.





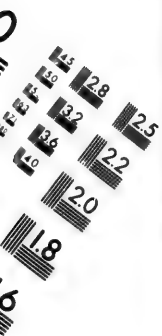


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ON THE DEATH OF AN ORGANIST.

MUSH, musician, sorrow cometh
Bearing on her arm a pall,
And its heavy folds of mourning
Must o'er this, thy keyboard fall ;
I'm entrusted with her message,
Sad, sad news I bear to thee,
News that casts a shadow over
All the soul of melody.

In yon smitten home there lieth
Calm and pale, a gifted brother,
Only idol of his father,
Only treasure of his mother ;
L. H. W., musician,
Has been called away from earth,
And a dimness from much weeping
Spreadeth for the loss of worth.

Thou art sighing, kind musician,
And thy look is asking why
Must the genial, noble-hearted,
And the talented thus die?
He was young, so loved and useful,
Yes, I understand thy sigh,
Ah! musician, there are many
More than thee now asking why?

All around the minstrel temple
Low and solemn dirges creep,
There your lovely, stricken goddess
O'er this mystery doth weep ;

Drawing rooms and cottage parlors
Have draped instruments to-day,
Organs in our city churches
Sob for him that's passed away.

'Everywhere 'mong music circles
Sorrow wanders with a pall,
She has shed a flood of tear-drops
In our Christian Temperance hall.
Dear musician, pray some poet,
With his heaven-inspired skill,
May twine Lyttleton, a chaplet
That no withering blast can chill.

Good musician, wilt thou lead me
Where he lies in silent grace?
Soon the casket-lid will cover
For long time his clever face.
O musician, those cold fingers
That have laid aside their skill,
Have so thrilled me, I would kiss them,
Take me there while all is still.

* * * * *

List, musician, I could fancy,
Standing by this coffin side,
That, that was his touch on harpstrings
Up amongst the glorified.

* * * * *

Let us wipe away those tear-drops
That have on his fingers fell,
He might fancy we're believing
That this is a last farewell;

Stoop and kiss him very, softly,
Bid him farewell for awhile,
If he's looking down from heaven,
Let him see we try to smile.

Thanks, musician, I must leave thee
Now this sacred duty's o'er,
Let us make a parting promise
That we'll grieve like this no more.
Come, musician, I am waiting,
Promise while thy hand's in mine,
Think, O think of friends who met him
As he stept on soil divine—

P. P. Bliss and kindred spirits,
Some we've often yearned to know,
My dear brother, I'm not asking
That thy tears shall cease to flow;
True, I know not what thou feelest
And thou can'st not thy grief tell,
But that pressure seals thy promise,
Sincere mourner, fare thee well.



TO THE SEVENTY-SEVEN CONTESTANTS.

On the rejection of all the manuscripts for prize offered by the
graduates of McGill, Montreal, for a jubilee poem, prize
to be awarded April 30th, 1887.

MY fellow-scribblers, what's amiss?
There's something sadly wrong;
'Mongst seventy-seven pens, not one
Could frame a loyal song.

At such a time, with such a theme,
Cold shivers o'er me creep;
What wonder if the dead should sigh,
And angels sit and weep.

We've all insulted our good Queen,
In this triumphal year,
By weaving nonsense that must shock
A college-cultured ear.

Impossible! to grant the prize;
What! pay us for our crimes?
My brethren, is there blacker guilt
Than stringing doggerel rhymes?

A learned professor and a 'squire
Have justly answered "No,"
And our good Canon must blow all
The sinners down to woe.

'Tis done, we seventy-seven now
Are lying in a row,—
A knowledge-blast from Montreal
Has come and laid us low.

'Yet we may rise, as 'twas no ball
 To shatter heart nor head ;
 Some may be stunned and several hurt,
 But none of us are dead.

How simple 'twas to fancy we
 Could form a line at all,
 Or think a stanza e'er was made
 Outside a college wall.

Yet we have fancied Burns once lived
 And lined that Scottish tale,
 And other minds, akin to his,
 Could heights of glory scale.

That some who feared to mount or climb
 Had glorified the vale,
 What foolish poetasters we !
 No wonder all should fail.

How should we know that graduates
 From out those lofty schools
 Could change the day from first to last
 For making April fools.

* * * * *

1st P. S.—

What think you, seventy-six, if we
 Our contest sheets compile—
 Bring out a doggerel volume that
 Would some weak minds beguile.

Our seventy-seven manuscripts
Might pass for poetry,
As every critic in the world
As still as death would be.

They would not lift a pen to soil,
Or sully their rare skill
By tampering with the verdict that
Has issued from McGill.

I know not any of the names,
Of what your offsprings be ;
I named my own rejected one
A dream of jubilee.

You're welcome to my castaway
To help this book to make.
What say you, unknown friends, shall we
Our rhymes together rake?

Our volume should have some design,
Looking like Poesy's crest,
So some may think they see her seal
On all its pages rest.

How do you think a broken crown
Would suit this book of ours?
Composed of seventy-seven sprays
Of imitation flowers.

2nd P. S.—

Dear Versifiers, I have learned
There is a darker crime
Than any rhymster could commit
By linking up vile rhyme,

We must be very careful if
We try again to win
Some prize, that the awarders are
Good men who hate all sin.

For, oh! my brethren, I have had
A horrifying thrill
By learning Neil, the poisoner, was
A graduate of McGill.

A DREAM OF JUBILEE.

I THOUGHT all lands were keeping
A time of festive glee,
A glorious demonstration
Of light and liberty.
All thrones were doing homage
And sceptres were laid down
At feet of one long gracing
Old England's royal crown.

'Mid brilliancy and splendor,
And blissful revelry,
There came a pause, a moment
Of sweet tranquility;
Loud mirth sank down to silence,
Whilst softest melody
Conveyed congratulations
From kings across life's sea.

Following the sacred gladness
That came to earth from heaven,
A mandate full of sweetness
From Poesy's clime was given,
Bidding some favorite song-child
His full-tuned lyre to bring,
And lay in faultless touches
His fingers on each string.

Arise and celebrate it,
In bright heroic line ;
The minstrel and his parchment
Must bare our sacred sign.
I heard this proclamation,
The gods' decisive will,
As it came floating earthward,
Down from the poet's hill.

And in my soul I pitied
The singer of the song,
His theme a reign of glory
Twice twenty-five years long ;
Poor bard, I felt so for him,
I bowed my head to pray
The spirit of John Milton
Might aid him with his lay.

I seemed to be in London,
'Neath dome of proud St. Paul's,
And then in old Westminster—
Most cherished of her halls ;

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

While here, my prayer seemed answered,
The poet's scroll was signed,
And, by a smile from Poesy,
I saw it pleased her mind.

And then I roamed contented
Through fair and weedless bowers,
And revelled 'mid the beauty
Of culture's fragrant flowers.
The singer was approaching,
I saw the signet's glow ;
The seal from Mount Parnassus
Was gleaming on his brow.

A poet to do justice
When singing of my queen !
And warbling forth the greatness
Those fifty years had seen !
I wept, I was so thankful
A bard had been inspired
To sing of my loved sovereign
Just as the gods required.

I had from years quite early
Loved and revered my queen,
Though only once in girlhood
Had I our lady seen,
'Mong many tiers of children,
I in a bottom row,
Beheld the royal carriage
Pass through our ranks full slow.

We sang the National Anthem,
Our lady shed some tears
As we in song asked heaven
To bless her many years :
Prince Consort sat beside her,
The scene rose in my dream ;
I thought how good and happy
That man and woman seem.

I scarcely knew the meaning
Of native, inborn grace,
But my young heart was captured
By something in each face ;
Soon after this, dark sorrow
Flooded England like high tide :
Black robes wore that December
When good Prince Albert died.

Brave men and gentle women
Blended their tears and sighs,
Mourning like fondest mother
Mourns when her first-born dies ;
At morn and evening's altars
Fathers were heard to pray—
God cheer our weeping lady
In this her darkest day.

Maidens along with mothers
All sobbed, and said "Amen,"
And manly elder brothers
Wept like their sisters then :

How solemn looked the churches,
Black drapery everywhere,
The grief clad moaning organs
Seemed smitten with despair.

Now while the earth was chanting
A glad thanksgiving hymn,
Methought my sovereign's eyes grew sad
And sorrowfully dim:
I whispered "Gracious, Lady!"
Loved monarch, tell me why,
When all the earth's rejoicing,
Why does my lady sigh?

Kind ruler, all thy subjects,
(Save few rebellious ones),
Love thee with love as pure and deep
As those who guard thy guns,
My queen, then why this dimness—
This mist from hidden tears,
When the whole world is singing o'er
Thy rule of fifty years?

Thy fair colonial daughters
Are dancing to the glee,
And India's sons proclaiming this
A righteous jubilee;
And Love and Reverence standeth
With hand clasped firm in hand,
Beholding waves of gladness
Now flooding every strand.

The guns roar loud with laughter,
In their most natural way,
They're thundering forth their merriment
In honor of the day :
True-hearted, loyal servants,
Ready and willing they,
Should any dare insult thy crown,
Strong vengeance to display.

Flags waft their joy to banners,
Banners flutter and reply ;
The roses lead the flowers
All decked in sweetest dye :
Bells toss and reel with pleasure,
They fling out peal on peal,
And talent vies with genius
Their rapture to reveal.

And gentlest winds from heaven
On harp-chords linger long,
Victoria ! Victoria !
The keynote of their song,
Victoria ! Victoria !
Possessing every grace,
For half a century filling well
Her God-appointed place.

List, lady ! still the sweet notes
Along the strings are ringing,
And harpers in the tearless world
Have joined the zephyrs singing.

* * * * *

Wide-visioned, fair musicians,
My lady do you hear,
What love and loyalty will do
To celebrate this year.

They sing of lofty columns,
And temples that will rise
From lavish hands and kindly hearts
To lessen tears and sighs :
Oh, madam, you have listened
To strains most sweet and clear,
But melody sublime as this
Has never reached your ear.

Pray, is my sovereign troubled
On this bright day with fears
That her devoted people may
Change with the coming years?
My monarch looked up quickly,
And firmly shook her head,
"No, no; but I am missing so
Departed ones," she said.

At this I heard a movement,
A rustling but no tread;
I looked, immortal Albert bent
Low o'er my Sovereign's head;
He spoke in accents fondly :
"Go mingle in the glee,
All heaven is glad that earth now keeps
This joyous jubilee."

I saw, at little distance,
Another group being sent,
'Mongst them fair Charlotte's husband,
And Edward, Duke of Kent.
But Albert brought the Duchess,
Our Queen's beloved mother,
And lovely Alice leaning on
The kind arm of her brother.

The loved, the clever Leopold
Smiled wonderfully sweet
As Alice laid a wreath of flowers
Down at her mother's feet.
I woke just as the radiant four
Had tender kisses given,
So pleased I'd seen a garland made
From lilies grown in heaven.

A BRITISH HERO.

MIDST flash of bayonets, roar of guns,
High did their standard wave;
Proud Britain well may boast her sons
Foremost amongst the brave.

In hardship, hunger, knew no fears,
They fought, though scarce alive;
No Briton can forget the years
Of fifty-four and five.

Mothers gave up their best-loved sons,
Should life or death betide,
And loving wives their cherished ones
With true, heroic pride.

Some went from humble cottage homes,
Some from ancestral halls;
Rent tender ties in those dear homes
To meet with shells and balls.

And some returned bearing the wreath--
The victor's wreath and name,--
But homes once bright were clad in grief
Because no loved one came.

Far off some sleep, illustrious dead!
Their names can never die;
They bravely fought and nobly bled,
And o'er those graves we sigh.

One of those noble heroes fell
By Russian treachery,
Long will his deeds and bravery dwell
In British memory.

'Twas night; the air was chill and damp,
From prayer he rose, and then
Walked softly through the silent camp,
Where slept his gallant men.

A farewell look came in his eye
As o'er some forms he bent;
The March winds sighed a mournful sigh,
And sobbed around his tent.

Why would not slumber visit him
On this cold, misty night?
Why o'er his men his eyes grow dim,
And England seem in sight?

Why think so much of friends and home
With sorrow-shaded joy?
Why should his mother's voice now come:
"Our country needs my boy?"

Why should he press more tenderly
The locket near his heart,
And think of realms unceasingly
Where lovers never part?

While wandering forth those thoughts he spoke,
And caught a movement, when
He hastened back and quickly woke
His brave two hundred men.

Told them the foe was stealing near,
In numbers that would test
Their soldiership, but not a fear
Of that was in his breast.

Two thousand Russians that March night
Came creeping slow and sly;
He bade his men lie calmly quiet
Until they heard his cry.

Soon on the solemn midnight air
His voice rose clear and high:
"Up ninety-seventh! up and dare
To drive them back or die!"

He leaped amid the deadly foe,
"This way, my men!" his cry.
"To death or victory we go!
But Britain's foe must fly!"

Death-wounded yet he still fought on;
Once more his voice rose clear:
"Brave ninety-seventh, the victory's won!"
Then dropped with his last cheer.

(It seemed as if an angel's hand
Had cleared the murky sky,
For the unclouded moon appeared
Pointing where he did lie).

His gallant men rushed midst the foe,
Their dying leader raised;
Hot tears fast fell, they loved him so,
So worthy to be praised.

"Whom carry you?" fell on their ears,
His name, they spoke it low,
They knew his death would call forth tears
Where tears did seldom flow.

They paused to wet his paling lips
With cooling water pure,
And saw the smile which did eclipse
The death-look that he wore.

Again they moved with mournful pace;
He faintly, calmly speaks:
"I'm going, cover o'er my face,
Heaven's glory on me breaks."

He went just as they laid him down,
Died at his own tent door;
And he had won a rarer crown
Than earthly victors wore.

Ah, who can picture what they felt;
What farewell words were said?
When by his foreign grave they knelt,
And parted from their dead.

A place in every noble heart
Their captain long will claim,
And tears of pride and grief will start
At Hedley Vicar's name.

BABY ROSA.

FIRST to leave us little treasure,
Faded suddenly away
Like a broken rose-bud droopeth
While unfolding to decay.

But we look, sweet little sleeper,
From thy bed beneath the snow—
Where we'll take our gifts of flowers
When the grass begins to grow—

First in heaven, Baby Rosa,
From our group of household flowers,
In the guardian care of Angels,
Care so far surpassing ours.

Dare we wish thou had'st lived longer,
Little guest of nine short weeks,
Now thou know'st, O blessed knowledge,
How the Saviour smiles and speaks.

Could we see thee, Baby Rosa,
See thee as in heaven thou art,
We would wear no folds of mourning,
None but tears of joy would start.

Never would we bend in sorrow
Where thy folded robes are found,
Never murmur that Mount Pleasant
Claims from us a little mound.

First in heaven, happy baby,
Free from earthly taint and dross,
How we blunder, little Rosa,
When we call translation loss.

First of ours to look on Jesus,—
Joy of all heaven's joys beside,
Happy, happy, happy baby,
To have seen the Crucified.



REMOVAL OF SONG'S FOREMOST STAR.

October 6th, 1892.

A MOURNFUL silence spreadeth wide
 Round cot and palace fireside,
 A sacred, quiet, hazy spell
 Is resting over hill and dell,
 A tender sadness doth prevail,
 And England standeth calmly pale,
 Her favorite bard 'mid mild moonlight
 Is bidding her and earth good-night,
 While Britain mourns, he tranquil lies
 Within full view of fairer skies;
 Soon will those lips be sealed and cold,
 'Through which the "May Queen" smoothly rolled,
 His lyre will seem a useless thing
 Without his hand to touch a string.

* * * * *

Bards gather round the gates of heaven
 That fitting welcome may be given,
 We notice by one jewelled door
 The poet Scott and several more;
 The British singers all agree.
 That bards of every land must see
 The coming in of Tennyson—
 Whose earthly work is all well done.
 His escort from their ranks have gone,
 Now who shall be the favored one
 Their coming brother first to see
 When England sets her minstrel free,
 The peer of rhythm soon will be

Across the mellow moonlit sea,
 Who shall be favored with first sight
 And greet him to these halls of light?
 Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant say,
 (If Albion's singers say not nay)
 Let loving Whittier step outside
 To watch him soar above death's tide.

* * * * *

We see known faces 'mongst the throng
 Now waiting for the lord of song,
 Poor Edgar Poe looks sad no more
 (He must have found his lost Lenore)
 He's whispering to young Chatterton,
 Whose grief and anguish all seem gone,
 They each are fingering a lyre—
 Strings laden with seraphic fire.
 To-day they both may feel regret
 That all God's laws were not well met,
 Doubtless their converse does regard
 The coming and expected bard,
 They might have come the same as he,
 Crowned with divine prosperity,
 Laden with years, life's path well trod,
 Blessing mankind and pleasing God.

* * * * *

Now Whittier smiles and earthward moves,
 Recliners rise from restful groves,
 And every bard lifts up his lyre,
 Their princely brother's soaring higher.

* * * * *

While moonbeams glorified his bed,
 'Twas whispered, England's bard is dead,
 Our kingly singer's crossed death's tide
 And laid his royal pen side,
 Ascended to his long mourned friend
 Where broken friendships have an end,
 Where age and weakness come no more
 And earthly seemings all are o'er,
 Heaven satisfies his noble soul,
 Yet England's tear-drops slowly roll,
 Half down their masts her flags all creep,
 Her bells are moaning o'er his sleep,
 Sadly her cables send afar—
 Removal of song's foremost star.

* * * * *

England beloved, lift up thy brow,
 See how thy bard is smiling now.
 Lose not the greeting on yon strand,
 John Greenleaf's grasping Alfred's hand,
 No mourning there across earth's line
 Where bards are sipping heavenly wine.

* * * * *

England's fair realms, so blest of God,
 Birthplace of sons brave, wise and good,
 Wipe off thy tears, thy grief resign,
 Rejoice that Tennyson was thine.

ACROSTIC.

(Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate.)

ANOINTED singer, kingly bard,
Look down in pitiful regard :
Forgive those little essay-men
Reviewing thy God-guided pen,
Each one and all as they amuse,
Distinguished poet, pray excuse.

They may be doing strange, wild things,
Examining thy Muse's wings,
Noting each snow-tipped feather there—
Not all are even ! may declare—
Your silent lyre—most sacred thing,
Some even dare adjust a string,
Others are trying on thy crown—
Not mindful of its maker's frown.

Pure Saxon words are thine, bright peer,
Orderly grouped with skillful care,
Entwined in lines well-matched and wed,
To please, 'to profit heart and head.

Loved and acknowledged by our queen,
All thy best deeds her eye hath seen,
Under her proud and hallowed dome,
Rest, royal worker, in thy tomb,
England drops on thy regal bier
A tender smile, a grateful tear ;
Turns o'er thy pages, whispering low,
Enshrined in beauty's dimless glow.

A CHILD-BARD'S GRAVE.

YOU tell me you have stood beside
A child-bard's slumbering clay,
Have looked upon the sacred ground
Where the young songster lay.

You say it was a lovely plot
'Mid flowers here rarely seen,
It seemed as though an angel's hand
Had trained the twining green.

"Our Poet Boy" on marble scroll
Was all that marked the spot,
No mention of his name or age,
Or of his earthly lot.

Ah, friend, a child-bard could not long
Stay in a world like ours;
No wonder that you fancied heaven
Had loaned his grave some flowers.

So fair a soul was sure to soar
To spirits near akin;
Heaven was his home, he could not stay
'Mid sorrow, care and sin.

When, by God's grace, I enter through
The fair, wide gates of joy,
Have looked on Christ and those I've loved,
I'll look round for that boy.

Go leave me for awhile, my friend,
I want to be alone,
I want to think about that form
Beneath the marble stone.

Yes, leave me for a little while,
And come again ere long,
But I must be alone to think
About that child of song.

* * * * *

A child-bard's grave! oh, could I kneel
And softly kiss the sod,
And stay awhile near that sweet boy
Who knew so much of God.

Beside that dead young poet I
Could pass some calm, blest hours,
I'd plead so softly with the moss,
And gently sue the flowers

To tell me of the ways and looks
Of that young singing boy,
Who charmed a mother's heart and thrilled
A father's soul with joy.

I would have liked to kiss that boy
Upon his cheek and brow,
And stroked his soft, silk, wavy hair
Of brown or golden glow.

And I would like to read those songs,
The musings of his soul;
How tenderly I'd gaze upon
The fair, unsullied scroll.

I'd raise it gently to my lips,
For one impassioned kiss;
E'en while I think about the boy
I feel an inward bliss.

It seems as if his spirit fair
Was hovering o'er me now;
Was that the fluttering of his robe
That lightly fanned my brow?

O, can it be, bright, happy boy,
That thou, indeed, art near?
Was it thy little angel hand
Brushed off that wandering tear?

No earthly hand could ever touch
So softly human cheek.
It must be so, blest unknown boy,
For didst thou not then speak?

Such melody could only come
From thy fair home of light;
Such visitors are only those
Arrayed in softest white.

Then this rare sweetness cometh from
Thy crown of fadeless flowers,
Some heavenly poetess has culled
From out your radiant bowers.

With what artistic skill and grace
She twined thy garland rare,
And placed the beauteous coronet
Amid thy sunny hair.

Could it be Hemans, blissful boy,
Who fashioned thee thy crown?
O I am highly favored by
Such knowledge coming down.

Fair visitant, from angel-bards,
What sweet mysterious tie,
Has brought thee from the radiant throng
Of singers in the sky?

Sweet, gentle spirit, are thou come
To comfort and inspire?
O hast thou left thy glorious home
To tell me my desire

Shall be fulfilled, when I have done
The work that God has given,
Shall know thee well when I arrive
At thy sweet home in heaven.

Bright messenger, bear back my thanks
For this sweet hour of bliss,
My more than joyous gratitude
For fellowship like this.



QUIETUDE.

 how sacredly sweet
Is this calm quiet hour,
With no company near
Save a favorite flower,
On this mild summer morn.
How far my thoughts stroll!
I would like to converse
With a glorified soul.

Perchance some kind spirit
Hears my silent request,
And may leave for awhile
The sweet joys of the blest,
Some beautified spirit
Long time from earth gone,
Whose robes of soft grace
Angel hands have put on ;

Some youthful believer,
Highly favored of God,
Being called early to dwell
In His sinless abode.
If the language of heaven
Is the language of love,
Many traits we own here
We'll retain when above.

And as friendship's sweet tie
 With the grave does not end,
 I may have this morning
 An invisible friend.

* * * * *

Hush! be silent, my soul!
 Lay thy musings away,
 Someone's coming all clad
 In beauteous array:

Is it Ellen, dear Ellen,
 Who by no tie of blood,
 Was so linked to my soul
 And loved for being good;
 Draw nearer, kind spirit!
 Come lower, still lower,
 And commune with me in
 Tranquility's bower.

O, dearly beloved,
 What a pleasure is this,
 Oft I've wanted to know
 More of heavenly bliss,
 But, needless to question,
 For thy tender embrace
 Has revealed me so much
 Of that beautiful place.

* * * * *

I fancied the blessed
 Had forgot how to sigh,
 For we read there's no pain,
 Sin or sorrow on high.

Thou sayest a something—
All begotten of love,
Resembling sadness,
Visits spirits above.

When believers grow worldly,
'Most forgetting God's word,
Or loving some creature
More than Jesus their Lord,
'Tis then that there cometh
A dimness on high;
Then I must, O my friend,
Caused thee almost to sigh.

Yet, scanning thy features
I can gather no sign
That one shadow has crossed
O'er this beauty of thine.
Thou smilest so rarely,
Had'st thou loved me aught less,
I should think I had caused
Thee no tinge of distress.

Art thou gathering thy robes
Lest they touch earthly things?
O list to that sound
Like the rustling of wings.
Thine escort is coming!
They are nearing; good-bye,
I dare not detain thee,
But am tempted to try.

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

"Rejoicing in Hope, Patient in Tribulation."

VER, forever over,
All weariness and pain,
No widowhood, no sorrow
Will ever come again.
The message just has reached me
That thou from earth hast fled,
And yet no sighs are rising,
No teardrops do I shed.

I think of keen, deep suffering,
Of long affliction o'er,
And of thy husband clasping
His happy wife once more:
Of a radiant child in glory
Being folded to thy breast,
Of joys now thine surpassing
All thou had'st ever wished.

Of angels coming forward
To lead thee to thy Lord,
Of sweeter songs in Heaven
On hearing His reward:
I take down memory's volume
And where it speaks of thee,
I see thy ways and converse
With God's commands agree.

The page on friendly visits
To this dear home of mine,
I scan the faithful record,
But find no blotted line :
I close the volume softly,
After a searching look,
Thankful thy name has added
Some beauty to the book.

TO MY ROBIN—ON GOING TO ENGLAND, 1880.

BIRDIE, wilt thou go with me
To my home across the sea?
I will promise thee when there
Thou shalt lack no love or care.

Have the food thou likest best,
Be with pretty words addressed,
Room to hop and ope thy wings,
Light and air and kindred things.

Thou wouldst miss me much, I fear,
If I was no longer here—
Miss the many nameless things
That around thy bird-life clings.

Arthur, he would love thee well,
Naught would tempt him thee to sell,
Give thee with untiring care,
Every moment he could spare.

But the daytime would seem long,
With no notice of thy song ;
Wilt thou bear me company,
Where thou wouldst not lonely be?

Thou shalt see the skylark soar,
Over daisied field and moor,
Pride of all the songster throng,
Thou shalt listen to his song.

Dost thou wish to go with me,
And the little linnet see?
Hear the thrush and nightingale
Flood with melody the vale?

Hear my native valleys ring
When the morning songsters sing ;
Then again at close of day
Hear their glad thanksgiving lay.

By thy hopping too and fro,
'Tis thy wish I see to go,
But thy joyous twitter quell,
Whilst a truth to thee I tell :

Listen, Robbie, this May morn,
Thou from me might'st have been borne,
For a buyer came to see
If I wished to part with thee.

Said he : " Madam, if you will,
Here's a crisp five-dollar bill."
But I firmly shook my head,
" Robb must go with me," I said.

Came to mind that summer day
When thou might'st have flown away,
Hanging in the shade outside
With thy cage door open wide.

Ah, thou knowest by some sign
That 'tis settled, birdie mine,
Thou art going along with me
To my home across the sea.

ON THE DEATH OF MY ROBIN.

In England, 1882.

I MUST twine thee a garland, my sweet,
Though my flowers be ever so poor,
For ungrateful, indeed, would I be
If I did not thy absence deplore.

Friends told me 'twas foolish and weak
When they caught me dropping some tears,
O'er the loss of thy winsome wee ways,
And thy song-life of five happy years.

They have spoken of selling thy cage,
Or of some other bird being there,
But I'll dust it and keep it amongst
The things that have claim on my care.

In that cage thou camest over the sea
When the maples were donning new bloom,
And I meant it to carry thee back
To thy sunny Canadian home.

And there seemeth within those blue wires
Some shade of my dear little friend,
'Mid the sorrowful silence that reigns,
Some melody seemeth to blend.

Oh, to die at the coming of spring,
At the birth of the sunshine and flowers,
When all songsters are hailed with delight,
And Nature's preparing their bowers.

Nestling low are thy flutterless wings
On thy little pink burial bed,
On the fairest geranium leaves
Is pillowed thy pretty black head.

O thy company ne'er wearisome grew,
Not even in solitude's hours;
Thy remembrance is mournfully sweet,
Like the lingering fragrance of flowers.

Many thanks for thy sweet life of song;
Yea, thy memory shall be caressed,
For the loud, joyous notes that rung through
Yon dear little cot in the west.

'Mid the beauty of childhood and flowers,
Near the door of a friend, is thy rest,
And no bird-stuffer ever shall touch
Or ruffle thy deep orange breast.

That no voices discordant or rude
Near our little pet sleeper should come;
We have laid thee in confidence down
By a lovable, English home.

The wee red-breasts of England will bring
To thy grave some offering to lay ;
E'en the poor little sparrows will come
A sorrowful tribute to pay.

And sweet songsters from valley and dell
Will come in the happy spring days
To the silent wee stranger's green bed
With tender memorial lays.

Then I'll leave thee in beautiful care,
No slight or neglect need I dread,
For the birds and the children will guard
My dear little poet's wee bed.

Bertha, Edith, with Ethel and Fred,
When I am far over the wave,
Will remember 'mid laughter and play
The little Canadian's grave.

Then sleep, sleep, little singer, sleep on ;
At death a bird bardie may rest.
O rest deep, and unbrokenly long,
The critics will never molest.



THE SPANISH GIPSY GIRL.

QUEEN of Spain's wandering tribe was she,
With soft, sad eyes of brilliancy,
Dark as the raven's wing.
Her step came gentle, soft and slow,
Her voice, so mellow, sweet and low,
Did music with it bring.

The jest was hushed when she drew near;
A softer look each brow would wear—
Her presence mildness lent:
Her pure sweet smile and graceful mien
Were lovely traits, and oft were seen
On some sweet mission bent.

She wandered to an artist's room.
How could such beauty and such bloom
Escape an artist's eye?
Beauty his aim, his soul's delight,
Beauty in every form and light
Must to his canvas fly.

Painting was he an altar-piece.
She sat her down with grace and ease,
And watched his moving hand.
Day after day she silent sat;
She ne'er had seen a face like that
In Spain's fair sunny land.

"Whose can it be?" at length she said,
"That beautiful, that thorn-crowned head—
 Senor, who can he be?
Why wears he thorns on brow so fair?
What mean those cruel blood drops there—
 Beauty in agony?"

"That look! it makes my bosom swell;
What love, deep tender love doth dwell
 In his dim glazing eye!
Tell me, Senor, who can it be,
What means that look of agony,
 Why dying thus—oh why?"

"Why, 'tis the Saviour—Christ," he said,
"Of course you know that, in our stead,
 He died on Calvary."

"I never heard the name before;
Oh, Senor, you must tell me more!—
 His life, his history.

"Died in our stead! why, Senor, why—
How can it be that he should die,
 And thus for you and me?
Senor, you must it all explain;
I think you said Christ was his name?
 Tell me who Christ can be.

"But did he wear a look so rare?
What deep compassion dwelleth there,
 Yet grief intense I see:
Thorns must have caused him pain most keen,
But oh, what can that death-scene mean,
 And where is Calvary?"

"Tell me, Senor, oh tell me why
That gentle one should suffer, die,
On a rude cross for me :
I would have kissed that bleeding brow !
Oh, Senor, tell, and tell me now,
Why did he die for me?"

The artist's hand fell at his side ;
He gazed upon the Crucified
As he ne'er gazed before ;
Then read the words his hand had traced—
Words that shall never be erased,
But live when time's no more.

It was one verse, and only one—
The sixteenth of the third of John,
Placed 'neath his work, now done.
He read, and read, and read it o'er :
"So loved the world." Could God do more
Than give His only Son?

Light broke—bright, glorious light divine.
He looked away from Mary's shrine
To Christ, and Christ alone.
A new-born joy beamed in his eye.
Christ Jesus, Prince of Life, did die—
Did for all sin atone.

He ne'er had deeply thought before ;
For fame he worked, for nothing more ;
Now fame for Christ must fly,
Turning, he saw the girl's dark eye
Fixed on his work, and heard her sigh :
"Will he not tell me why?"

"Tell thee? O yes, I'll gladly try
To tell of Him, how, where and why
For a lost world He died."
Redemption's plan for Adam's fall,
With soul new-born, he saw it all,
And loved the Crucified.

With burning zeal, heart filled with love,
He told how Christ came from above—
Christ, spotless undefiled;
How the incarnate Son of God
The path of toil, of suffering trod,
And how He was reviled.

Weary and worn, went doing good;
Wept, groaned and prayed, then shed His blood,
And in a grave did lie.
The cross he bore, with all its shame,
'Twas thus he did the world reclaim,
Now all may live—none die.

Tear after tear ran down her face—
Joy-drops did one another chase.

"Thank you, Senor," she said.
"I understand it—every part;
A heavy load has left my heart;
I feel for me He bled.

"'Tis such a wondrous story all,
Our father Adam's sin and fall,
And Christ our Saviour's birth.
Senor, I'll love Him while I've breath,
And think of His grand life and death
Long as I live on earth.

"He lives, you say, no more to die,
Not thorned, but glory-crowned on high,
A mighty Victor-King,
Worshipped, adored by seraphs there,
Yet stoops to hear the faintest prayer
That broken hearts may bring.

"So now I need not sigh and weep,
Nor dread that cold, deep solemn sleep
Which I have feared so long:
Now peace, sweet peace, pervades my breast,
On Him that died I now will rest,
His love shall be my song."

* * * * *

And now the veil of gloom was rent;
She spoke of Christ where'er she went—
'Told of His matchless love:
The touching story of the cross
Refined her soul of all its dross,
Did all her actions move.

And thus time fled with rapid wing,
The girl her deep, sweet joys did sing
As she now dying lay:
Softer and brighter grew her eye,
And oft she whispered, "He did die,
And bore my sins away."

More beautiful her smile became,
More sweetly whispered she His name,
In tranquil, holy glee;
'Twas on her lips both night and day,
'Twas heard just as she passed away—
"Christ Jesus died for me."

ELOQUENT TEARS.

(On seeing a child weep over reading the story of a dog's fidelity)

BEAUTIFUL, eloquent tears, my boy,
Nay, wipe them not away,
I'm gazing through them to the years
Of manhood's distant day.

Those drops are telling me what thou
Wilt be in after years ;
Whole pages have I read in those
Few sympathetic tears.

Those glistening drops of beauty which
From thy soft brown eyes roll,
Reveals to me of what there is
Deep buried in thy soul.

The world may know when I have done
With earthly hopes and fears,
What I have read this afternoon
In those few sacred tears.

EDDIE'S PICTURE.

Written by request, to be placed under a photograph taken awhile
before death.

THIS so like our darling Eddie,
After sickness struck the blow,
After death had set his signet
On the little sufferer's brow.

Not like Eddie when he revelled,
Full of happy, childish glee,
Filling home with mirth and gladness
With his baby witchery.

Image of dear, dying Eddie,
How we prize this relic, how!
O, but could we have a picture
Taken as he's looking now.

We would never, never murmur
That death stole life's early glow,
We would even thank the robber,
Could we see our Eddie now.

A DREAM.

T WAS a lovely morn on God's blessed day,
The bells chiming sweetly "come hasten to pray,"
By the window they placed my invalid chair,
And the peal of the organ floated forth on the air:

'Neath its soft, soothing sound I sank in a dream,
And entered the church with the worshipping stream.
To the pew where I went one came with soft glide,
And smiling most sweetly sat down by my side.

In musical tones he said, "Mortal I'm here—
I am sent to gather the incense of prayer,
Now mark, what I write will be prayer alone,
For none but heart-breathings I bear to the throne."

Then the service began and long prayers were said,
But the angel bowed low his beautiful head,
And a shadow like pain passed o'er his fair brow,
Not a mark had his heavenly tablets to show.

When I looked again the shadow was gone,
His eyes were full bent on a poor looking one,
His wings moved softly, he had written a prayer,
No sound had I heard, but the writing was there.

Then his eyes went around from pulpit to pew,
He glanced at his tablets and murmured, "How few;
Yet here there are numbers who kneeling declare
That this building is truly a temple of prayer."

"We seraphs bow low and do humbly adore
The Redeemer who came man's loss to restore."
Then folding his tablets he his snowy wings spread,
And waking, I found my fair neighbor had fled.

"WITH CHRIST, WHICH IS FAR BETTER."

WITH tears we prayed, and hoped
It was our Father's will,
That Martha might regain her strength
And tarry with us still.

Short time before she crossed
On to the stormless shore,
The answer came, "With Christ she shall
Be well for evermore."

"With Christ is better far."
This message dries our tears.
"With Christ," where love and joy will reign
Throughout eternal years.

Blest one, we will not wish
Thee for a moment back ;
We would not have thee take one step
Along life's backward track.

"With Christ," no more to sigh,
Nor ever weep again ;
"With Christ," yet whispering to thy friends :
"No loss do you sustain."

O parents, look!—look up!
Miss not the comfort given
From radiant smiles and soothing words
Your Martha sends from Heaven.

“With Christ,” O happy girl!
Great is thy blessedness;
No tongue, no earthly eloquence
Thy rapture can express.

“With Christ” and hosts of friends,
Some never known before;
“With Christ,” and all that message means,
We cannot wish for more.

WITH LIZZIE.

BELOVED daughter, oft we pause—
When mourning thee not here,
To hush the rising sigh and wipe
Away the falling tear,
And render thanks to God that thou
Gave in thy early days
Thy heart's best love to Christ, thy Lord,
And walked in righteous ways.

Grateful we feel that thou didst seek
The path that led to heaven;
And that some stars are in the crown
Christ's hand to thee hath given.

Tears fall because we have not now
Thy much-loved face to kiss ;
Sighs rise because thy loving words
And kindly deeds we miss.

How hard we strove to keep thee here
When heavenly voices came :
Thou lingered with us, generous girl,
Till Jesus called thy name.
Thou didst not chide us, dearest one,
Nor wilt thou from above ;
Thou understandest clearly now
How fondly parents love.

With happy sister Lizzie thou
Now shar'st a joint employ,
As guardian angels to attend
Us in our grief and joy.
More sacred light now gilds our home,
Love's crest is everywhere ;
Where e're we look its impress gleams
Round tokens of thy care.

We enter softly now thy room—
So silent, calm and sweet,
And fancy we oft tread on spots
Hallowed by angel feet.
Thy room so empty, yet so full
Of memories we would keep ;
Where we review the tranquil scene,
When thou did'st fall asleep.

Such precious treasures it retains,
 Amongst the rarest there—
 Thy dying charge, thy last fond look,
 And last sweet smile are fair.
 Beloved Annie, we will not
 Once breathe the word farewell;
 For life, and love, and beauty grow
 Where thou hast gone to dwell.

THE PASSWORD.

 LAND of beauty, home of joy,
 Fair realm of love and song:
 Thanks be to God, to us and ours
 Its title-deeds belong.
 Dear Ada, makes the fourth child
 We have on yon blest shore;
 She knew the password, and soon found
 The three that went before.
 O glorious password—name of Him
 We breathe in every prayer—
 Through which so many of our friends
 Have claimed admittance there.
 Jesus! sweet soul-uplifting name!
 With thrilling melody
 It stills the sobbings of our world,
 And turns its grief to glee.

A welcome from the King of Love
Has greeted Ada's ears,
And in His palace she will spend
Her everlasting years.

Yet strange ! her absence here gives pain
That borders on distress ;
Oh ! there are hours when we forget
Her blissful happiness.

Then, it delights our angel-girl
To cross yon shore to this,
And hasten down with messages
Of heavenly tenderness :

To wipe with her angelic hand
Our rolling tears away,
And whisper she will visit till
Our own translation day.

THE MULATTO BOY.

ONE morn, a group of Spanish youths
Entered their studio room,
And found some unknown hand had left
Grand scenes of light and gloom.

• The students round their easels stood,
Gazing in mute surprise.
An angel's smile, a demon's frown
Met their astonished eyes.

And their great master stood, and gazed,
With eyes and heart intent,
And wondered if the unknown was
Some heavenly visitant.

And, looking at his pupils, said :
"Whose can these touches be?
What skillful lines!—what truthful shades
And tender delicacy!

"Last night that brow unfinished was,
And now perfection's there ;
That eyelash was not heavy with
A mournful, trembling tear.

"But, O my pupils, look at this!
No man-taught painter's hand
Hath ever drawn the Virgin's head
Just as the gods demand.

"Who can this unknown painter be
Who nightly visits here,
And leaves with perfect master-skill
Lines so sublimely clear?

"I've questioned oft the boy who keeps
Within these walls at night.
He tells me that he is alone
From eve till morning's light.

"But other scenes akin to these
Before have met our sight,
So, gentlemen, pray meet me here
Before to-morrow's light.

"I'll warn the boy to keep awake
Throughout the midnight hours,
That we may learn whose hand and brain
Possess those brilliant powers."

* * * * *

"List, boy. I bid you stay and keep
Watch till to-morrow's light,
And tell me who the artist is
Who cometh here each night.

"No more excuses need you bring;
And if to-night you sleep,
Twenty-five lashes you shall have:
I care not how you weep."

* * * * *

The night was still, the lamp burned low
Upon the marble stand;
The boy paced up and down the floor,
Brow buried in his hand.

Thus long and silently he paced,
Living his slave-life o'er,
And large, hot tears, all sorrow-born,
Kept dropping on the floor.

Then in low tones of agony
He talked, as if in prayer,—
As if his heart had lack of room
To store its burden there.

"Why should my father be a slave,
And I a bondman's son?
Why should I even dread to tell
My master what I've done?

"Why must I bear his pupils' jests,
Mixed with their looks of scorn?
Why must I keep the knowledge locked
That I was gifted born?

"Oh! Genius, fair goddess, why--
Why hast thou chosen me?
Why was not this sweet gift bestowed
On someone born free?

"Oh! had I been a freeman's son,
And not so dark a boy,
Thy bright, inspiring smile had filled
Me with adoring joy.

"Thou know'st I must list to thy voice,
And harken to thy calls;
No power have I to leave untouched
The canvas on those walls.

"And thou must know the pangs I feel—
What bitter tears outrush,
When I have to efface some dear
Creation of my brush.

"Oh! Slavery, thy cruel bands
Are smothering my soul;
Angel of Liberty, O come,
These spirit-wounds make whole.

"These fetters broke, O Liberty,
How fair I would paint thee!
And I would work, but not for fame:
My father should be free.

"Twenty-five lashes ! God of Heaven !
Father Supreme, help me !
Is there no land where freedom reigns,
And all thy sons are free?"

Then, falling on his knees, he sent
Up one deep, bitter cry :
"O Thou, my Maker, God of gods,
Aid me or let me die."

He rose, and in his eyes there beamed
A radiant, hopeful tear,
As at an easel he sat down
To labor sweetly dear.

Hour after hour he sat and worked,
The light still in his eye,
Till he forgot he was a slave,
And found no time to sigh.

The terror of the lash was gone,
His soul was all his own ;
Smiling, he wreathed a faultless brow
With beauty's favorite crown.

His joyous soul seemed lost amid
His happy, blissful toil,
As rapidly he gave the last
Touch to a graceful coil.

"Another touch," he whispered low,
"And then her lips will part ;
I think I hear her voice fall soft
And soothing on my heart.

"Just one more stroke, and then her eyes
Will glow with seraph light,
And give me one sweet look, which long
Will thrill me with delight.

"O beauteous look, my beautiful,
How rich I am, my own!
I would not lose thy look to gain
A sceptre and a throne.

"The morning breaks, and soon this room
Will have its full r light.
Father in Heaven, give me strength
To meet my master's sight.

"This head I never can efface,
I would far sooner die."
Turning, he saw the students and
Their teacher standing by.

A silent group, with folded arms,
And not an eyelash dry.
The master spoke in husky voice
Which sounded like a sigh:

"Who was your master? Tell me, child,
For artists such are few.
My wondrous boy—who was it gave
Art lessons unto you?"

"O Sire, you know, her voice is sweet
And softer than a sigh;
She prompted when I carried shades
To watch where each should lie.

"I saw you show the students, sire,
Where every touch should be;
Oh pardon, she and you have made
Me paint that head you see.

Murillo turned, dashed off a tear—
A tear of proud, calm joy,
And said, "Now, sirs, what must we do
Unto this gifted boy?"

("Rise, child," for here the boy had slid
Low down upon one knee—
"Rise quickly, you must never more
Kneel down again to me.")

"Say, does he merit punishment?
Look at that picture, sirs;
It moves my soul, and every chord
Within my heart it stirs.

"Say, does he merit punishment?
Shall the rod on him fall?
Or do you think he's won reward?
Look round the studio wall."

"Senor, he merits great reward!"
Came from the admiring band;
"And yet reward's a feeble word,
For he will grace our land!"

"Ah, true, most true; what must we do?"
"Give to him gold," cries one.
Another says, "Sire, you have wealth,
Adopt him as your son."

A third says, "Yes, and he may come
Our paintings to admire,
That he may lead us on to fame
And raise our loved art higher."

Each student asked out of his heart
Some different request;
The boy looked on, with trembling hope—
One wish ruling his breast.

The master drew the quivering boy
Close to his heaving breast,
And on the brow of brownish hue
A tender kiss he pressed.

Bending his tear-dimmed kindly eyes
Upon the timid boy,
Whispered, "What is it, child, would give
Your heart the deepest joy?"

"My pupil, you can never be—
As was expressed by one—
Your talents are beyond my own;
I would you were my son.

"I know a heart like thine must hold
Some dear, unspoken wish,
And thou shalt choose thine own reward;
Come, tell me what it is.

"Tell, tell me, child, thine inmost wish,
Thine heart wide open lay;
My noble boy, come tell me all
Thy yearning heart would say."

Deep silence reigns, but for the sobs
That shake the boy's slight frame,
And then a joyful gleam of hope
Through his large tear drops came.

Clasping his small, young hands he raised
His radiant eyes aloft—
Looking so sorrowfully sad,
And wonderfully soft.

Then, pointing to his picture, said,
In tones beseechingly,
“O, sire, let me work and win
My father's liberty.”

LITTLE NELL.

WE sought her where the daisies gleam
And kindred flowers beguile,
We found her lying 'neath the stream,
Wearing an angel smile.

The rose had faded from her cheek
And left it lily fair,
Her lips apart, as if to speak
Her simple evening prayer.

Her little folded hands were full
Of pink-eyed daisies fair:
So silent and so beautiful
Was Nellie lying there.

And manly men were seen to weep,
Who waded through the stream,
Where Nellie seemed to be asleep,
Dreaming some heavenly dream.

Gently they raised her sunny head,
The fairest in the dell,
And softly bore our early dead—
Our lovely little Nell.

Her little playmates, hand in hand,
Came with slow, gentle tread ;
With dewy eyes that little band
Stood gazing on the dead.

One softly said, " Please may we kiss
And take her hand in ours ;
And can we at her feet place this,
This bunch of mixed wild flowers ?

" We gathered them with care this morn,
Where Nellie used to go,
And very gently them have borne,
Because she loved them so.

" And may we lay these daisies down
By those she holdeth there,
And fix this fresh, blue violet crown
Upon her yellow hair ? "

We watched the faithful little band
Give their last fond caress.
And lay the snowy wax-like hand
Down on its coffin dress.

They looked like cherubs come to grace
Our beautiful young dead,
So tenderly they bent to place
The love-wreath round her head.

Now they their little friend have met,
And she to each has given
A fair and fadeless coronet,
Culled from the flowers of heaven.

A REQUEST.

(Written on Reading a Mr. Blye's Advertisement in the "Mail.")

HEAR Mr. Blye, how good to try
To help the mammas here,
When times are dull and homes too full,
And plenty girls elsewhere.

And, Mr. Blye, no flirt am I,
To give a man distress;
And 'twould be crime to waste my time
On fashionable dress.

With modest care I dress my hair
Like some of whom I've read,
And would not dare a coil to wear
Belonging to the dead.

If I'm ne'er rich, I'll wear no switch,
To please some dainty male;
'Twould make me sob a horse to rob
Of either mane or tail,

Then, Mr. Blye, look at my eye,
And in it you will see
My leisure hours, my thinking powers
Are not spent foolishly.

And take a look, Sir, at the book
That's lying on my lap,
And judge not rash. No low-born trash
Do these neat covers wrap.

Pure is my blood, my nose is good,
So are brow, cheek and mouth.
Say if I'll do, dear Sir, for you
Or any Picton youth.

On your reply I will rely
(I trust it will be yes);
Being not admired, I'm growing tired
Of single blessedness.

'Tis very wise, in my blue eyes,
For photographs to press;
Bewitching looks from album books
Your lonely hours may bless.

Through Bruce's skill your heart may thrill
In prospect of a wife,
And should you fail, you'll thank the *Mail*
For one sweet bliss of life,

ON READING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

(From one R. R., of Salem, Ont., in search of a Wife).

YOU want a wife, you say, my friend.

Ah! many want the same;
But in such times as these, a girl
'Most fears to change her name.

You want a wife, but what about
Your state of purse and heart;
One's needful for the joys of home
And one to go to mart.

You're young, good-looking, not ill-bred,
And keep good company;
And Salem's not devoid, I hear,
Of pleasant scenery.

So far, so good; but that's not all
Your bill of fare should be;
E'en your initials, R. and R.,
Have doubtful sound to me.

For they may stand for Regular Rogue,
Or Radical Reformer;
And either one would drive me in
The aged maiden's corner.

Or for some Reverend Runaway
From Rome's Restrictive life,
Whose cruel laws will not admit
The comforts of a wife.

P.S.—I dare not send my picture yet,
For not an hour would pass
Ere your fond mother lost her son
Through a Toronto lass.

DOTY.

YES, speak her name softly,
'Tis tenderly dear;
Those rooms we tread gently,
She has frolicked in here.
So lovely and lovesome,
So winsomely sweet;
Soft melody came in
The sound of her feet.

Though her baptismal name
She scarce ever got,
But was known to all friends
As Doty, or Dot.
The light that enshrines it
So sparkles with love,
That we fancy they call
Her Doty above.

Such a ray of pure joy
Was her beauteous smile,
And her lovable ways
Our cares would beguile.
The pet of the household
Was sweet little Dot;
Her presence still lingers
In every spot.

Only those who have lost
A treasure most dear,
Know the depth of the void
Now Doty's not here.

Only those who have bowed
O'er a child's coffin-side,
Know all the sweet beauty
One casket can hide.

Yet we cover with flowers
Her burial sod ;
For e'en there gleams a light
To the children of God.
If we're poorer below,
We are richer above ;
And proving—though dimly—
Our Father's great love.

The bright ones who bore her
Fair spirit away
To the rest that in dreams
We catch a faint ray,
Bowed their fair heads while
She kissed us good-bye,
Then soared with their charge
Where none ever die,

To a bright land of song,
Full of praise without prayer ;
To a sorrowless clime,
Yes, Doty is there ;
Where angels have kissed her,
While seraphs have smiled ;
And Jesus has welcomed
Our beautiful child.

WHAT NEED I MORE ?

DARLING, I crave no more than this—
Than to be loved by thee ;
What else could bring me deeper bliss
Than that thou lovest me ?

Without thee not a flower is fair,
Music can bring no charm ;
No beauty do the green woods wear,
And twilight is not calm.

No melody hath birds in Spring,
Sun rays are dark as night ;
No messages the breezes bring,
And moonbeams have no light.

What need I more ? With wealth of love,
Its signet-seal thy kiss,
Can there be purer bliss above
Than what I now possess ?

•
TO POVERTY.

THOU great dissembler!
Thine is a lying tongue;
Thou makest good seem bad,
And right appear as wrong.

Thou makest courage faint,
And truth look pale and ill;
E'en sterling, honest worth
Must bow to thy rude will.

Thou crushest unto death
The noblest, best desires;
Beneath thy withering frown
Fair genius expires.

THE MORNING AFTER THE RAIN.

IT was a charming morning after the rain,
That I sauntered along my favorite lane.
Where I met alone woman whose brow did declare
That once it had been most placidly fair;
But now it was scarred—marked deep by the brand
Which sorrow has carried so long in her hand.
Her eyes were dimmed, and faded her hair,
And I thought I could trace some lines of despair
Around her lips, though so firmly set—
So sweetly moulded, and beautiful yet.
We had met once before, but no words had been said,
And nothing had passed save a move of each head;

But this morning she stopped, and her sorrowful eyes
Looked full into mine, then turned to the skies,
And as she put out one little white hand,
Said: "Grief never crosses yon calm upper strand."
I pressed her soft hand but said not a word,
As hearts can converse without voices being heard.
Then she told me how husband, children—all
Had paid the debt brought in by the fall,
That in far-severed graves their treasured forms lay,
And one she had never looked on his loved clay,
For he fell in the field of tumult and strife
In the best of his days and the bloom of his life.
'Mid the roaring of guns and the bursting of shells,
The shouts and the groans, the cheers and the yells,
While clouds of thick dust shrouded dying and dead,
Her brave, bright boy for his country had bled,—
Her proud, noble lad, her first-born son
Lay mangled and dead by the side of a gun;
And they wrote her to say they had carefully laid
Her brave, gallant boy away in the shade
Of a forest close by where the battle was won,
And this was the last she had heard of her son.
How she mourned for this son, and could never forget
How noble he looked when their lips had last met.
When she veiled his dear picture with crape on the wall,
She had fancied she heard a sweet whisper then fall
From those lips, which seemed from the canvas to speak:
"Oh! Mother—my Mother, your heart must not break.
My spirit was borne on the breath of your prayers
Where blossoms have sprung from your buried seed-cares,
And these roses are moist with the dew from your tears ;

Whose fragrance will last throughout Heaven's bright
[years."]

* * * * *

Then she told me that far in the West there lay
A brother and sister, that had faded away
In the morning of life, when full of bright joy.
Her pale, lovely girl and her bold, handsome boy
Kissed her farewell, then sank calmly to rest,
And they laid her fair head on her young brother's breast.
So peacefully still together they lay,
His cold arm enfolding her marble-like clay,
Carnations they twined in his silky, dark hair,
And with lilies they wreathed her flowing locks fair,
One casket enclosing the silent young pair,
Who are sleeping so deep 'neath the western air.

* * * * *

But one brave heart and strong arm she had left—
A rock of calm safety, a snug, tender cleft;
But now it was washed away by the tide
So relentless and stern, and which comes to divide
The husband and wife, whose hopes and whose fears
Are one and the same 'mid sunshine and tears;
And the last blow came with a loud, crushing fall,
And took from her side her chief earthly all,
And why she stayed here it was only to be
Quite near to the spot where sleeping was he.
She was living in hope (when God saw it was best)
To lie by his side and then with him be blest,
And clasp to her heart those treasures again
In a home where pure bliss will forever remain.

THE LITTLE LOW CHAIR.

THIS a little low chair, neither costly nor grand,
Not inlaid with ivory or gold,
But a prominent place in my room doth command,
And its value can never be told.

Oh, that little low chair!—you would scarcely believe
That a heart could love it so well,
And what soft, tender words I oft over it breathe:
It acts on my heart like a spell.

But when I have told you what things it can tell,
Although it stands empty and bare,
You'll not chide me for loving and cherishing well
That dear little common low chair.

It tells of bright laughter, of sweet merry glee,
Of kisses and pleasures so bright,
Of sounds and of scenes full of music to me,
Now hushed in the silence of night.

How a bright blooming boy that I loved with fond
pride,—
For his ways, as his beauty, were rare,—
With such bright golden hair, and so sweetly dark-
eyed,
Once sat in that little low chair.

AN INCIDENT.

A LADY, passing down the street,
Met with a little child,
Whose tender heart seemed over-charged
With sorrow deep and wild.

She bent and kissed the little one,
And took her by the hand ;
Thinking, no doubt, of a bright group,
Her own fair, happy band.

"Darling, where are you going to?"
She asked the pretty one,
Who answered with a choking sob,
"To fetch my papa home."

"Then what is papa's name, my dear,
And where has papa gone!"
"His name is papa," she replied,
"And papa's from me gone."

"But what's his other name, my pet,
Which mamma calls him by,
Come, tell me, then we'll hasten on,
To find him we will try?"

"His name is papa, nothing more,
My mamma calls him so ;
We loved him very, very much.
Oh ! why did papa go?"

"But I must find and bring him back,
My mamma is so sad;
Before my papa went away
She always was so glad.

"I want to kiss my papa so,
I want to climb his knee,
I want to ask what made him stay
So long away from me."

It seems the father of this child
Quite recently had died;
Not knowing it, the innocent
To find him thus had tried.

Her little heart, brimful of love,
Would meet him with a kiss;
Was anything more touching sad,
Or beautiful than this?

* * * * *

We older children often mourn
Our Father far away.
We sigh, and grieve, and wonder why
He should so from us stay.

But O, our Father is not dead,
He watches from above,
And guides us with an unseen hand,
And screens us with his love.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

THOU comest, Father Christmas
With kindly eyes aglow,
And fair bright leaves of evergreen
Encircling thy brow.

Thou comest, Father Christmas,
To bless the wide world o'er,
Thou com'st to cheer and comfort all,
To gladden rich and poor.

Throughout our fair Dominion
A glad and grateful throng
Are gathering now to greet thee
With garland and with song.

The bells are quivering to tell
What happy hearts do feel,
A grateful peoples heartfelt thanks
In every mirthful peal.

The temple gates wide open are
To greet thy coming there,
A heart whole welcome thou will get
In every house of prayer.

O gentle Father Christmas,
How could we dare to mourn
O'er earthly ills, we must rejoice
This blessed birthday morn.

But some, kind Father Christmas,
'Most fear to hear thy tread,
This year has robbed them of their best,
And laid them with the dead.

But thou wilt whisper tenderly
To hearts thus sorely riven,
And tell them how their loved join in
The natal song of heaven.

Then gather round the Christmas tree,
Come gather one and all,
For love hath laden every bough
With gifts for great and small.

Each branch breathes joy to all below,
Bliss to the peaceful dead,
And of his vast unfathomed love
O'er all the world outspread.

The fire-light's cheerful ruddy blaze,
The holly round the wall,
All tell of Him, who gladly came
Down to redeem us all.

Then on this hallowed birthday morn
Come gather, old and young,
Join in the glad thanksgiving hymn
With heart and mind and tongue.

And bring out those dear empty chairs
E'en though your eyes be dim—
For those who sat in them last year
Are now at home with Him.

Their gifts are on the Christmas tree,
Each for an orphan child,
All hanging on the fairest boughs
O'er which some angel smiled.

Then gather round with happy hearts,
Let thanks and praise be given,
They have but gone from us below
To keep the day in heaven.

AFTER A WHILE.

THERE are angels on earth both tender and true,
Doing the work God gives them to do,
Soothing lone hearts full of tossings and fears,
Speaking kind words and wiping off tears,
Their present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

The angels of earth are gentle and kind,
Guarding the weak and leading the blind,
Raising the fallen and cheering the sad,
Feeding the poor and reclaiming the bad,
Their present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

Ye angels of mercy, residing on earth
(But owning a title to nobler birth),
Speed on your mission—lessening woe,
Scattering joy wherever you go,
Your present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

Earthly angels, ye are watched from above
On your beautiful mission—your errands of love.
O spread forth your wings and travel afar,
And bear your Lord's diadem many a star.
O carry glad tidings—carry them wide,
And bid all rejoice that Jesus has died:
Your present reward God's fatherly smile,
And a home up in Heaven, after a while.

TO A MOTHERLESS BABE.

(While Sleeping).

THEY call thee motherless. They never can have
seen thee smile as I behold thee now, O would
that thou couldst tell me how thine angel-mother looks
—in what protecting form she now appears. Couldst
thou reveal in part the music of her voice (I almost
covet thee thy lot, fair smiler), then I would know the
message she hath whispered thee. But this—this much
I know: thou art not motherless. O lovely sleeper,
take my kiss of thanks, such knowledge have I gained
through thy enlightening smile.

ON MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

SPEAK softly, rustling breeze,
And come in mild array ;
No boisterous message must thou bear
Me on this sacred day.
Speak softly, breeze, I pray.

Wave gently, fading trees,
This early autumn day ;
My heart is full of tender thoughts,
Beyond what words can say.
Wave gently, trees, I pray.

Grant me, mild, lingering flowers,
A rarer smile to-day ;
Smile like my father smiled on
Me through youth and childhood's way.
Smile rarer, flowers, I pray.

Birds, in your leafy bowers,
Sing me a sweeter lay ;
Pour forth in melody all, all
My filial heart would say.
Sing sweeter, birds, I pray.

Low murmuring autumn breeze,
Soft sighing, changing trees ;
Tender departing flowers,
Songsters in Nature's bowers,
Accept, sweet friends, the thanks I pay
For your pure sympathetic lay,
Revealing all my heart would say
On this my father's natal day.

TO MY MOTHER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

MY mother, this December morn,
A sadness comes o'er me—
A tender feeling near akin
Unto solemnity.

The birds are gone, the flowers are dead,
The trees are dark and bare,
And not a breezy note floats on
The winter-laden air.

And, Mother, thy spring days are gone,
Summer and autumn's fled ;
Morn, noon and eve have all passed by,
And night is overhead.

'Tis winter with thee, Mother, now—
Leaves withered, flowers dead,
Gone zephyr-melody and all
The joyous songsters fled.

But, O! beyond the wintry mists
Bright, happy birds do sing,
And fairest flowers are blooming through
An everlasting spring.

And thou hast fadeless flowers, Mother,
In yonder garden-home—
Fair, fragrant blossoms that will greet
Thee in the life to come.

Then why should I, thy child, feel sad
On this thy birthday morn,
Because the birds and flowers are fled,
And trees appear forlorn?

SORROW.

THE room bespoke its inmates poor,
And poor and sad were they,
A little orphaned band had wept
The long, dark night away.

Around a mother's silent form
Were four children fair,
And, oh, it was a touching sight
To see those mourners there.

A little, pale-faced, gentle girl
Was kneeling by the bed,
Her only flower she fondly placed
On the unconscious dead.

Then gently took the icy hand
And kissed the fingers cold,
Laid her young cheek against the dead,
And bitter tear-drops rolled—

Rolled down upon the sunken cheek,
And on what was her shroud,
Folding her arms around her dead
She sobbed her grief aloud.

A boy, the eldest of the group,
Had buried his young brow
Within his folded hands, and not
A moan his grief could show.

Then in one burst of agony
He swayed him o'er the dead,
Moaned, "Mother's gone and father sleeps
Low in the ocean's bed."

Another sorrow-stricken girl,
Eyes full of tears unshed,
Who seemed to understand her loss,
Sat looking at her dead.

The youngest of the helpless band
Sitting on sister's knee,
With arms around that mourner's neck,
Spoke to the sorrowing three.

"Don't cry," in lisping tones, she said,
"Our mamma can't be dead ;
She's only sleeping till God sends
An angel with some bread."

PAT'S STORY.

I MET with friend Pat, wife and children nine
On the deck of a vessel of a far-famed line.
Kind and simple was he and proud of his care ;
If scant knowledge is bliss, he had a full share.

I would paint you his picture, but fear to try that,
I believe I should fail if I tried with his hat,
Though I think it was something in shape like a top,
When the broad part is down and the narrow part up.

His brow was not open, nor lofty or clear:
I think had you studied it for a whole year,
You would not have found the seal of Apollo,
Nor had any fears lest Patrick should borrow

Your favorite authors or any good books
(That is, if the mind can be judged by the looks).
On one thing friend Pat was as firm as a rock:
The priests of his Church knew more than their flock.

And if he paid penance, counted his beads,
Looked not in that Book the heretic reads,
Believed all the stories the fathers had given,
He was sure of a place near Mary in Heaven.

Such, I judged, was his creed, by what he told me,
As we journeyed across the Atlantic sea;
And he seemed very sorry that I was not in
The true Mother-Church, and thought it a sin.

A very great sin, because I would smile
At truths he had told in most solemn a style,
And he feared a curse would rest on my head
For trifling thus at what he had said.

I told him I had not the shade of a fear,
But I wished from my heart that his mind was more clear,
That he'd read for himself God's own blessed Word,
And cast to the winds his trash so absurd.

But Pat shook his head. No, he was not wrong;
His priests were well-learned and clever of tongue;
And he felt 'twas his duty to teach me Truth's way,
When he found how far my soul was astray.

He would tell me something that happened to him,
And my eyes must be blind or fearfully dim,
If I could not see in such clear, broad light
That the priests of his Church in all things were right.

Such miracles they were known to perform,
He, Pat, was prepared, should there come on a storm,
For a charm his father-confessor had blest
At the end of a string he wore on his breast.

His story begun about a good cow, •
Which he owned where the three-leaved shamrocks grow.
She got very sick and he feared she would die
Before a priest could be called or brought nigh.

His children nine (blessings on them all!)
He told them the story both spring and fall,
For a sight most sad indeed it would be
If his darlins grew up so benighted as me.

He did all he could then he went to the priest
To pray to have her from pain released.
A young priest should come, his reverence said,
To the poor sick cow, and mass should be read.

If that did not do, the young priest must run
Back for an older to have it well done.
From the young priest's reading there was no effect,
So back for an elder he ran direct.

The good father arose without delay,
And came to the place where the poor cow lay.
At his first few words she opened her eyes,
Rolled herself over attempting to rise.

Then she stood on her feet. As she could not speak,
A large tear of thanks rolled down her long cheek,
And she bowed her head again and again
To the wonderful man who read away pain.

And her milk after this such a yellow hue bore,
And she never had given such pailfuls before.
'Twould last through his life like a wonderful dream
How it tasted and looked like the richest cream.

If blessings so great were theirs to bestow,
Pat said he would like me also to know
Their curses could heretics wither and blast,
Pursue them to death and death e'en outlast.

And could I but hear the good fathers tell
Of men and women on whom it had fell,
Youths, maidens, and babies in their first year,
I would not smile, but would tremble with fear.

The sons of the Church would have my best bow.
I never would dare to slight them as now,
Could he but talk like them for half an hour;
I would shake like a reed and bend like a flower.

But how could he talk like sermons he heard?
He never dare try to utter a word
Like the fathers used; but oft he had thought
If heretic priests but preached as they ought,

There might be some hope of Protestants then,
But never while they believed in such men.
His priests told their people things that were true.
One case he would give—it some good might do:

A certain poor priest owed money for rent,
And the Protestant landlord angry went
And took the goods of the dear man away;
Because he had asked for a longer delay.

But sickness, want, and a thousand ills came
To the Englishman's home, then entered the same
Death himself and hurried the soul away,
Yet the curse still clung to the cold, dead clay.

And when the day of the burial came,
The hearse came up with two horses—both tame,
And they put the corpse of the dead man in,
And the funeral train was about to begin,

When 'twas found that neither horse could move;
All means were tried and all vain did prove,
And for hours they stood before the door,
Till someone spoke of the good priest poor.

Whose goods the dead man had taken for rent,
And one ran to obtain his kind consent
That the horses might move and bear away
The Protestant's corpse to its grave that day.

The kind father came and drew closely near,
And whispered some words in each horses ear,
Who looked their thanks and then moved away
As the generous father offered to pray—
Without being paid—for the soul of the dead,
And the crowd heaped blessing upon his head.

* * * * *

When I think of poor Pat and all that he said
My thoughts will then turn to those who have lead
His footsteps, weak soul, in error's dark maze,
Oh how will they meet their Judge's stern gaze;
And what will they do when they hear His voice say,
"You knew in your hearts that I was the Way,
'Twas written that I, I alone was the Door
Through which all must enter to live evermore,
That wide open it stood by night and by day
Welcoming all who came in the right way.
Souls fainting and thirsty ye drove them from Me
And my Water of Life so abundantly free,
Like poor tired sheep ye scattered them wide
From shelter and care and their Good Shepherd's side."

HUSH, MERRY BIRDIE, HUSH.

HUSH, merry birdie, hush,
Thy song is far too gay;
Fond hearts are sad, if sing thou must,
Then sing a softer lay.

O put aside thy glee,
And list to what I say;
We cannot bear thy gladsome notes
On Gertie's burial day.

Thou can'st not know, birdie,
That Gertie's gone away;
Or thou would'st silent sit, or sing
A soft, soul-soothing lay.

Has no kind spirit come,
And softly whispered thee;
That Gertie's just been carried out
The silent nursery.

Dost thou not note how calm,
Is all around to-day;
The sympathetic sunbeams strive
To hide their smiles away.

It seemeth strange, birdie,
Thou hearest not yon bell;
Tolling her tender summers fled,
With sad and solemn knell.

And passing strange it seems,
Thou missest not those feet,
And little hands that daily brought
Something for birdie sweet.

The melancholy crape,
Still on the entrance door;
In silent language whispers,
Will never enter more.

From every drooping fold,
We hear a sad farewell;
And only can its band of white,
A word of solace tell.

Gently the snowy plumes,
Waves o'er her peaceful clay;
The flowers on her coffin lid,
Look sorrowful to-day.

The trees sigh softly low,
As she is borne along ;
Kind eyes look dimly on the long,
Sad, moving, funeral throng.

They're passing slowly by,
The children leave their play ;
And go away to weep, because
'Tis Gertie's burial day.

O birdie ! hush, hush, hush,
They're bearing her away ;
With our last kisses on her brow,
Thou must not sing to-day.



A STORM AT SEA.

CEAN turned angry with sudden wrath,
Some fearful whim has crossed her watery path,
Bright, beaming Sol affrighted, flieth west
Long ere he wished to settle down to rest.
Mild zephyrs cease to sing, startled they flee,
At thy tremendous rage, wild, murderous sea.
Skies change their azure robes for mourning dress,
Winds woke from slumber groan in dire distress,
Skill, work of hand, of brain, life, wealth of years,
At thy dark burst of fury disappears:
Laughing at courage, hissing mute despair,
Beauty, worth, loveliness, naught wilt thou spare.
For God's most noblest work what dost thou care
When in thy harsh, mad frenzy, insane sea?

GATHERING LEAVES, AUGUST 31st.

I WENT out this morning to gather some leaves,
As September's footsteps were near,
And I wished to obtain a few of the first
Which came forth to greet her this year.

Some died on their journey, but lovely they looked
All shrouded in yellow and red,
Softly I touched them for they carried my mind
To the graves of my far-away dead.

And as I came home I stopped by a lawn,
With its beds of summer's last flowers,
While gazing upon them my thoughts roved away
To a land far fairer than ours.

And there I could see sweet evergreen lawns,
Where flowers celestial grew,
And glorious trees and silvery streams,
And verdure which ever looks new.

And white-robed forms were there, gliding about
And entering radiant bowers,
They wandered at will, and smiled as they passed
By beds of fair, deathless flowers.

I looked at the groups but I could not tell
Who here had been wealthy or poor,
For all seemed happy, contented and blest,
And glad that life's battle was o'er.

And as I stood gazing I seemed to forget
That life had more trials in store.
And many rough billows I might have to cross,
Before I set foot on that shore.

IN THE WOODS.

Watching Two Children Play.

IN this garden God's hand hath planted and dressed,
Where nature is calling, come hither and rest,
'Mid bright, shady leaves and green-covered hills
And soft, soothing sounds of whispering rills;
Where zephyrs sing low and bird melody rings,
Are two little angels without any wings.

For had they got wings they would soon be away
To the land that is fitted for such as they.
Birds then would be silent, and darkened earth's bowers,
Song and blossom would die without childhood's bright
hours,
But praise be to God, these treasures are given
To teach us some truths of the home-life of Heaven.

While blest with sweet children sin ne'er will hold
sway,
And while flowers remain love ne'er can decay.
What lessons we learn from the daisy and rose,
From breezes and trees and from blessings like those.
Thanks, thanks, to our Maker for musical things,
And for dear little cherubs without any wings.

CASSIE.

Little daughter of Rev. T. W. Jolliffe.
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

TRANSLATED is Cassie,
Evermore to be well,
Not the tongue of a seraph
Could her blessedness tell;
Yet the sight of a toy
Or a dress she would wear,
Or the sound of her name,
Brings a sigh and a tear.

There are moments two hearts
Feel so lonesomely drear—
Earth lost half of its beauty
When she went from them here;
Then her pale lovely face
Memory comes to portray,
With its happified look
On her translation day.

What sawest thou, darling,
About two on that day,
When thy countenance beamed
With a mellowing ray?
Where Heaven's glittering gates
Opening then to thy sight,
And a glimpse of the Lamb
Brought that beauteous light?

With the Heavenly escort
Coming down from on high, .
Were there some who could claim
Thee by kindreds fond tie?
And were there blest spirits,
Who had lived to do good,
Whom thy papa had won
To the service of God?

On whose grateful request
The Redeemer had smiled,
When they craved to attend
Home their Minister's child;
Were there sorrowless ones
Hovering over thee, dear,
Whom thy mamma had soothed
When they sorrowed down here?

Who came bearing solace
To her suffering heart,
And who carried her strength
From her treasure to part.
Sweet, beautiful Cassie,
They have borne thee away,
Now other bright beings
Are in charge of thy clay.

Who so tenderly watched
The soft stainless flakes fall,
When thy newly-made grave
Had its Heaven-sent pall;

Yon mound in Mount Pleasant
They guard round and beneath,
But thy loved ones can bear
It the spray and the wreath.

O, what guardianship sweet
Is there tending that sod,
Thy beloved ones below
And those dwellers with God;
And thy parents can say
There is gain with our loss,
Even mystery's clear
Through the light of the cross.

Thou wert ours on earth,
Thou art ours in Heaven,
Thou wilt bear us relief
When sorrows are given;
Thou wilt share in our joy,
With all intercourse free,
We have had, we still have,
And we'll ever have thee.

Thou art singing with friends,
We have yearnings to know,
They have clasped thee and kissed
Thy celestial brow;
Thou hast told them we're all
Coming upward to dwell,
But are staying to do
Our allotted work well.

THAT LAST PRAYER.

To B. E. B., a motherless child whom we kept for nearly five years,
who, on Jan. 18th, 1894, went on a visit in view of adoption,
with Mrs. H., of Galt, Ont.

SO, Blanche, you have gone, really gone
Away from this city and me!

Even Hazel and Violet, your dolls,
Have left their own corners, I see,
And carried off something like glee.

I am missing you much, little girl,
My eyes they fill up and refill;
Without you the whole of this house
Feels strange and uncommonly still,
At times almost awfully still.

It seems I can never forget
That week of your going away,
How I cried at the sight of some toys,
And threw a cloth over your sleigh,
And longed for those evenings of play.

O, Blanche, may you never forget
Our talks about Christ and His love,
Our reading His pages of truth,
And sending up wishes above—
To the land where the Godly remove.

You now may have brighter attire,
And things that I once liked to give,
And I trust your heart is supplied
With the food on which it should live,
• (Without which it never can live).

'Tis trial—connected with death—
Has borne you away from here ;
Consolation and comfort doth come
When I turn my thoughts to that prayer -
To that prayer, that last dying prayer.

I must settle my thoughts on that prayer,
That prayer I requested for you,
From one who was entering Heaven,
Whose work was well finished and through,
And who died whilst praying for you.

Inside of the palace of peace,
He knew that all praying was o'er,
Hence, halted at one of the gates
To plead for you, child, once more,
Then passed through a glorified door.

He must have seen right into Heaven,
And Christ coming full into view—
With His glorious, welcoming smile—
When asking God's blessing on you,
O, Blanche ! what a rapturous view !

I often think of that last prayer
Which with his glad spirit arose ;
(The lips that then breathed it, are now
Sealed tightly in solemn repose),
I am waiting until they uncloze.

That prayer folded up in three words
Has asked a very great deal
Of comfort, of joy and of bliss,
Which Jesus will surely reveal,
As blessing on blessing you feel.

Do you mind the scene, little girl,
On that fair Sabbath August eve?
I'd been away—pleading with God—
Gaining strength to calmly take leave,
(O, what help Heaven sent me that eve!)

* * * * *

And do you remember I asked
Had he time for another short prayer,
As this poor little child may soon be
Removed from out of my care.
(It seems there was need for that prayer).

My lips were then near to his own,
His two hands were folded in mine;
"All is well" had come through his lips,
And "My Redeemer is thine;"
Yea, Blanche, I know well He is mine.

O, child, I shall never forget
That prayer which came husky and slow,
'Twas "G-o-d b-l-e-s-s B-l-a-n-c-h-e," the last
request
My belov'd one uttered below.
(I am hearing that prayer just now.)

* * * * *

And a wonderful calmness comes,
More light on my vision hath fell,
For the sweetest of whispers now says,
"He ordereth all things well"
All things that He doeth is well.



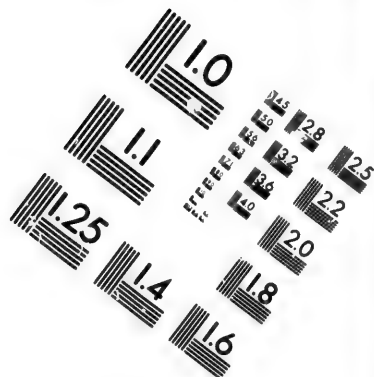
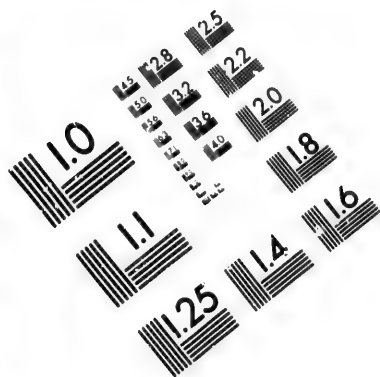
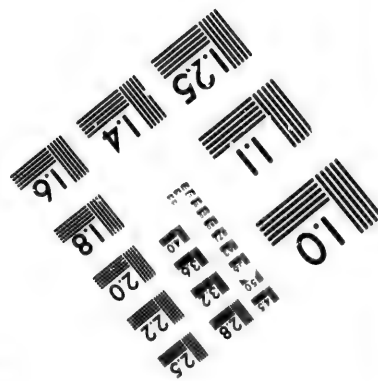
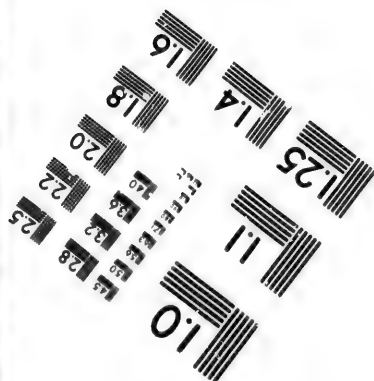
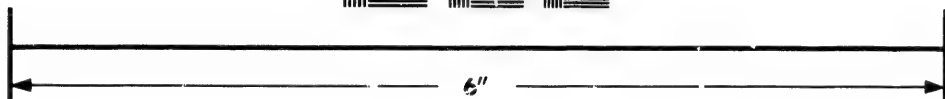
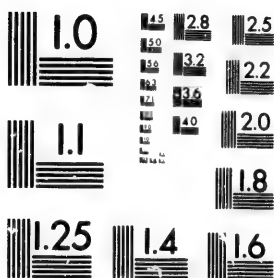


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Methinks that the messenger's voice,
Is that of my loved and my own,
For should not the minister be
Our pleader, who now cometh down?
O, that I might see his bright crown.

How thankful I am that there came
The thought of that sacred last prayer;
For, Blanche, I had nearly forgot,
'Twill follow you everywhere,
Singing, under God's sovereign care.

"BY-BYE, LITTLE FLORRIE, BY-BYE."

(Last Words of Uncle James Thayers to his little Niece, Florrie Shaw,
Sunday morning, August 27th, 1893).

Sit close, little Florrie, sit close,
While you by my pillow can stay.
I sent for you, darling, because
At evening I'm going away.
Then by, little Florrie, by-bye.

Let me hold your dear little hand
Whilst I kiss your pretty, round cheek;
These lips, little girlie, will rest
From kissing or speaking next week,
So by, little Florrie, by-bye.

The old parting-words I will give
Our little pet girlie once more;
They shall sound as clear as a bell,
As I waive her out of the door,
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

For by-bye is not a farewell—
Like parting to meet nevermore—
Why, dear little Flo, you have heard
These words from me over and o'er :
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye,
I've done kneeling low on the floor,
But prayers I have sent up on high
For you, will be answered, I'm sure.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye,
My work will be finished to-day,
And then I am going to see
How the heavenly children play.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

And I want a very sweet kiss
To take to the City of Light,
I'll share it 'twixt Bertie and you,
When Ralphie receives it to-night.
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

By-bye, but I'm thinking I shall
Be near for to guard you each day,
So now for the very last time,
Your uncle, my darling, will say,
By-bye, little Florrie, by-bye.

MY SCROLL.

I LIKE to look over
The names of my dead—
My kindred and others
Who have gone on ahead.

My friends and beloved ones
Who could not here stay,
Who grow dearer and dearer
As the years slip away.

And I often unroll
This fair living scroll,
I never could name it
A gloomy, death roll.

My invisible friends,
Away and yet near,
Who know me far better
Than some staying here.

And along the margin
My pencil I run,
Noting over some actions
Down here they had done.

By some names a couplet,
By others a line,
And sometimes a dash
Is my only sign.

But pages on pages
In those dashes I read,
And while reading I often
Discover my need.

So poor and so fruitless,
Empty vases stand by
Without flowers or grasses
Stored up for the sky.

I've the roll out to-day,
And bend over the same,
As I linger beside
A lovable name.

And the margin-note says
On this part of my scroll :
So fearful of wounding
A sensitive soul.

How I wish I could paint
This aged friend's face,
So beautified was it
By heavenly grace.

Conversations come up
That we had ere she died,
As we sat by the hour
Near her bright fireside.

Her home always tasty,
So cosy and neat,
Good pictures and flowers
Decked her sunny retreat.

Her converse was neither
Weak, common, nor dry;
On leaving her home you
Felt nearer the sky.

Whilst I linger to-day
By the name of this friend,
My thoughts and desires
All heavenward tend.

For her unselfish deeds
On the parchment appears
And is sealed with fair seals,
Composed of love's tears.

* * * * *

Another dear name
I must add to this scroll,
A name that's engraved
On my innermost soul.

A name that to many
May not be long missed,
Although its twelve letters
Glorifieth this list.

And the margin beside it,
O could you but see,
You would never ask why
It is treasured by me.

And you would not ask why
I shall love it full long,
Why I give it chief place
'Mongst these pages of song.

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